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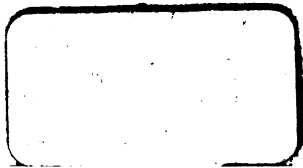
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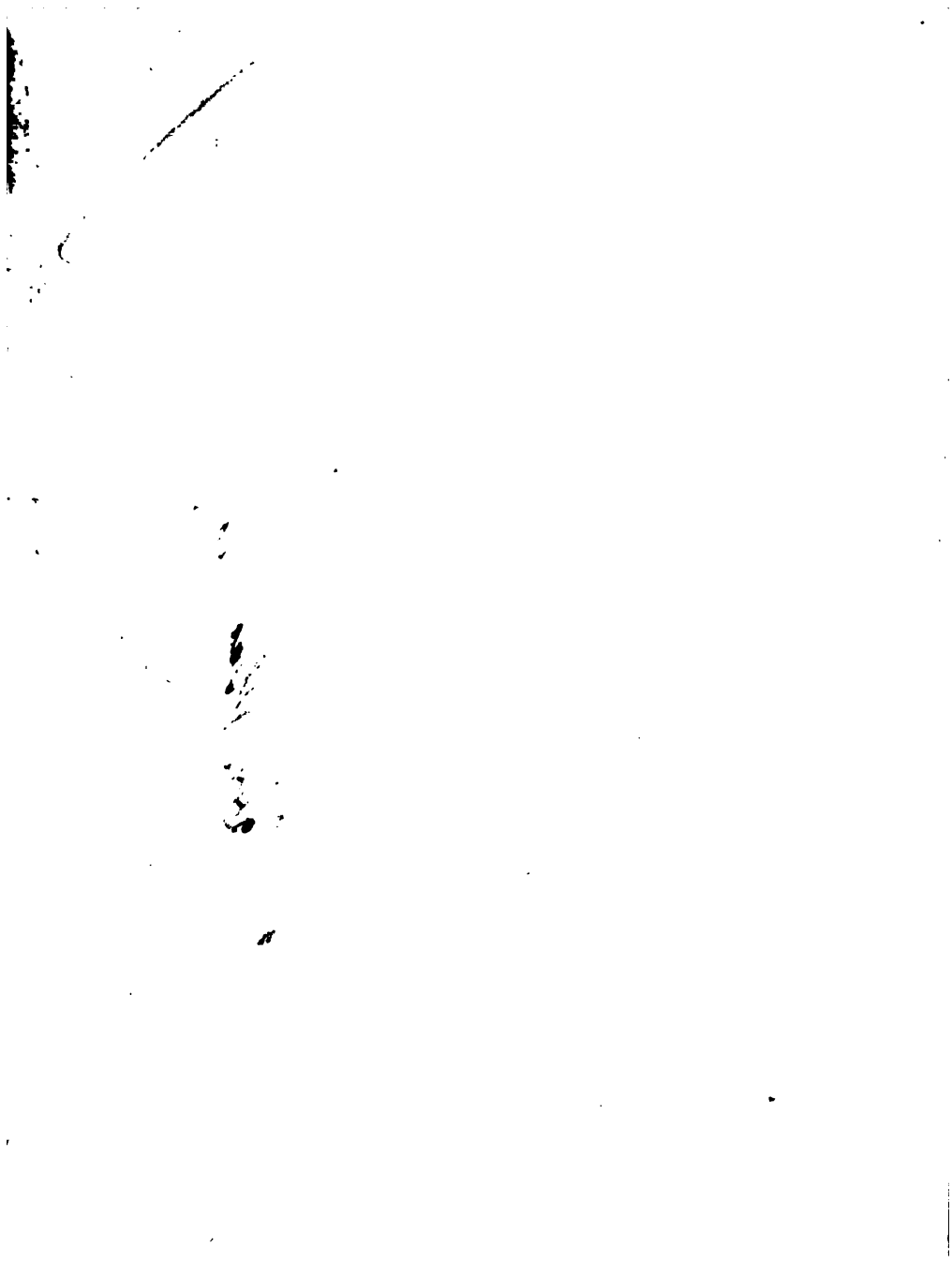
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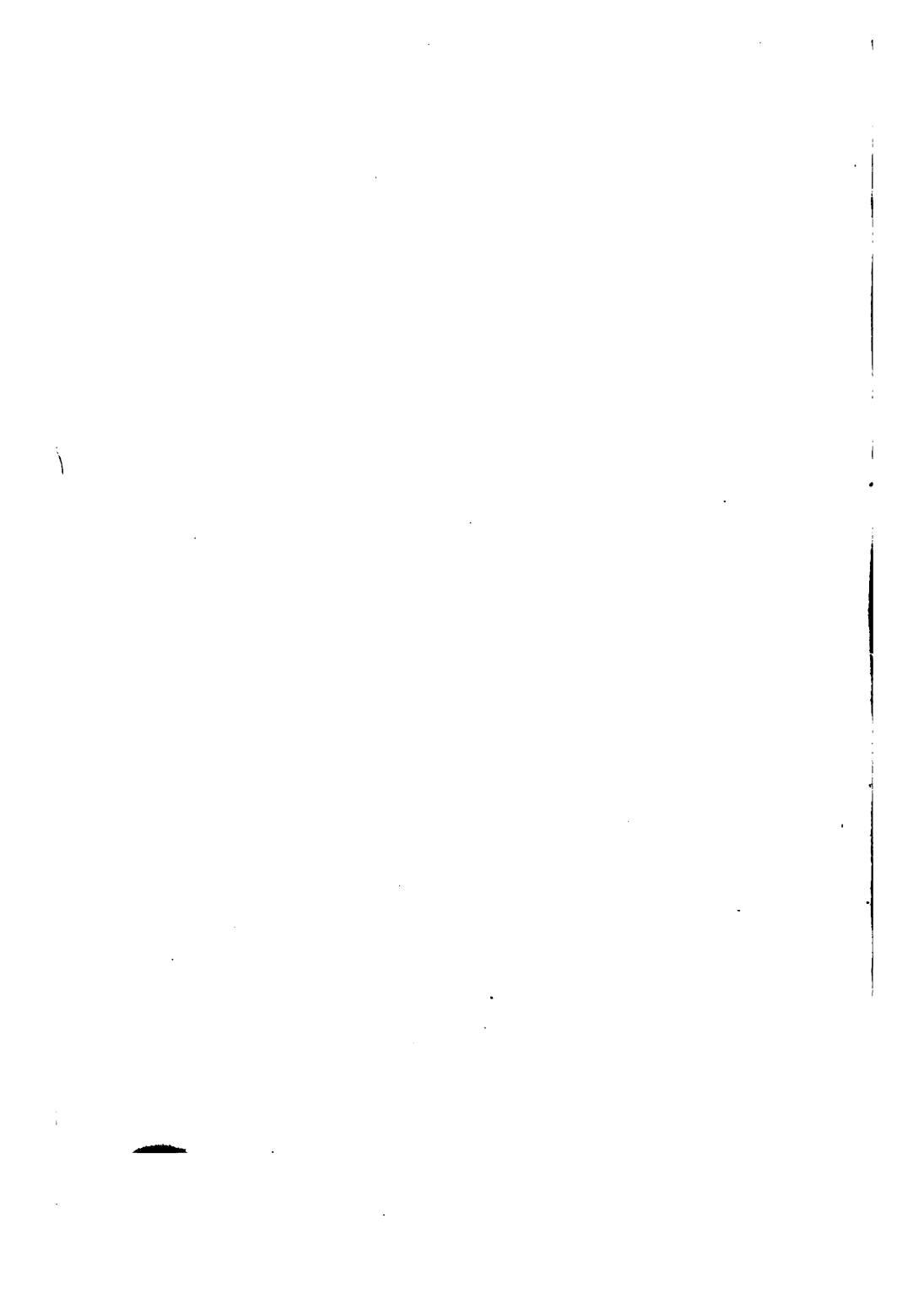
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# ECHOES

## FROM MY SONG REALM.

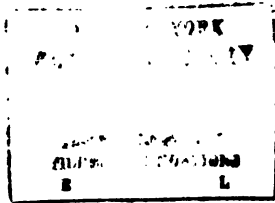
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*Some of these I culled 'mid the walks of Life,  
Some were told me by those o'er Death's tide;  
Some Nature transcribed from her rocks and trees,  
Some from the Angels standing at my side.*

BY FRED L. HILDRETH.

---

Worcester, Mass.:  
J. S. WESBY & SONS.  
1899.



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## INTRODUCTION.

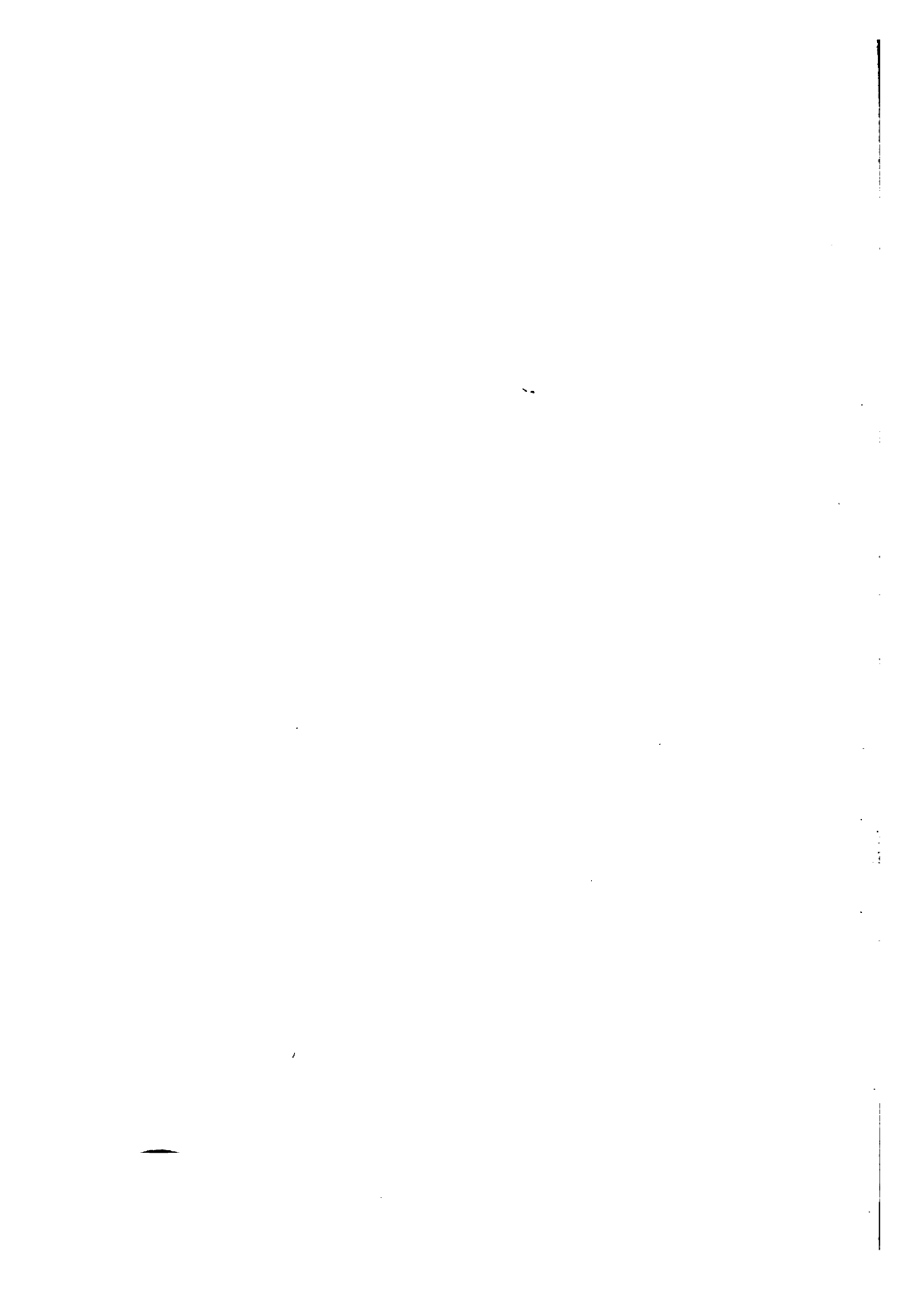
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*He buildeth well, who weaves the sweet wreath of Remembrance  
round the lives and deeds of those forgotten, or little known among  
the haunts of men.*

*The child of pride and gold hath costly marble, whereon are  
traced virtues that were strangers during his pilgrimage here.*

*The best lessons taught by men and women are veiled in such  
simple language that it is long years ere the world sees their  
beauty, so blinded are we by the false glitter of the unreal.*

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 30, 1898.





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# Songs of Nature.

---

## MY FOUNTAIN.

---

You ask where I cull all these pleasing mystic tales;  
Why, Nature has them traced upon the plastic air.  
Speed off through thought realms twice a thousand  
leagues,

They meet you here, there, everywhere:  
How else could she preserve the record,—ages pass,  
Lands come and go, seas, lakes, and rivers disap-  
pear;  
Man has no records of ten thousand life charts  
traced;—

Can you now understand, and is my meaning clear?

Dull clods were we indeed! if only earthly eyes  
Could grasp what air, and rock, and tree can tell!  
Upon these tablets which our Mother hath prepared  
Each act and deed are engraved deep and well:  
You cannot see,—small wonder,—your dim eyes  
Are weighted with dull gold; all nerves were bent  
To gain that which men worship, deeming knowledge  
less

Than that crude dross for which your lives were  
spent.

So when Earth burdens bow me down too low to bear,  
I ope my inner sight, scan pictures in the sky,  
Speed off to some bright spot, let dull care be forgot,  
Grasp Nature's hand, and as we linger by  
These beauty spots, she points with finger straight  
At some weird picture traced there plain and true,  
Then I write down what meets my wondering gaze  
And give it light, and credence;—wouldn't you?

FLOWERS OF THE SKY.

---

Only a dream of my fancy, you claim,  
Like a white, fleeting cloud in the sky,  
As light as the fragrance of roses in June  
When they bud, and blossom, and die;  
Die, did I say?—there is naught ever dies,—  
Tree and plant, why they only change form,  
A kind, loving hand guides them on day by day  
To the sunshine, and out of the storm.

You men measure Time with a child's simple view,  
And deem yourselves mature and wise;  
Let us question a little, and count the long years  
Since these stars blossomed up in the skies;  
Why, one faint ray of light that reaches us here  
From Capella's far-away, rosy crest,  
Must have left its bright home, years three-score and  
ten,  
To greet our crude world when we rest.

I have stood by the sea and felt its heart throb,  
Drank draughts from yon mountain-top high;  
They are buds of small moment beside what you see  
When you gaze at these Flowers of the Sky;  
Far away glistens Neptune, a rose well in bloom  
Greets Uranus with warm, loving cheer,  
A blush rose, sweet Venus, flings a kiss to red Mars,  
Ere she lets her fair face disappear.

There's Jupiter, kingly, and Saturn's three buds,  
Orion's bouquet in the skies,  
One would think when you gazed at God's beauteous  
flowers,  
Your souls would be filled with surprise;  
Ten million long cycles 'neath kind, watchful care,  
Must have outwrought these wonderful flowers,  
With their glorious hues, and beautiful tints,  
Blooming up in the fair angel bowers.

Not so much of a dreamer, friend, as you may think,  
Nor at sea without compass or oar,—  
While you seek but crude gold at fair Wisdom's feet  
I cull from her well-hoarded store;  
A teacher I prize, kind, patient, and true,  
Gentle peace beaming in her soft eyes,  
Perhaps if you ask, she'll permit you to cull  
A bouquet, from her Flowers of the Skies.



THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

---

Only a breath of the Summer  
    Borne along on the air waves' crest,  
Only a dream of the past time  
    Tinted with gold from the west,  
Rich with its wondrous gleanings  
    Culled, as it swept along,  
From many a page of Nature  
    Filled with fragrance and song.

So I clasp the sweet enchantress,—  
    My bride of the fair fresh hours,  
While we linger awhile 'neath Love's sweet smile  
    In fairy sylvan bowers ;  
What say you, my beautiful sweetheart,—  
    Fair mate on Life's weird sea,—  
Is there aught I can ask while journeying on  
    More sweet, Flower Spirit, than thee?

The soul of the Rosebuds and Lilies,  
    A glimpse of the Tulips' bright hues,  
The sweet Daisies nestled amid the tall grass,  
    Blue Violets sprinkled with dews ;  
What a wondrous mantle enwraps us,  
    Wove by Love's gentle hand at the dawn,  
Where the sun gilds their clustering petals  
    When he peeps o'er the crest of the lawn.

Are they angel thoughts, think you, sweetheart,  
Sent to cheer our sad hours while here?  
Methinks Life's burden is lighter to bear  
When we see their bright faces near;  
Flowers deathless in fragrance and beauty,—  
God's smile in our darkness and gloom,  
A gift from the angels of Heaven  
Brought here to bud, mature, and bloom.

SILVER SPRING.

---

Some legend about the Spring? Why, yes,  
All these pretty spots have their past life written  
In Nature's book; have you eyes to read  
Of what happened here, long since forgotten?  
A thousand years may have come and gone  
Since first these waters, pure and sparkling,  
Burst from some hidden source within  
And ran off towards the river, laughing.

In the sixteen hundreds this was woods;  
Here red men roved, and the forest arches  
Caught the echoing feet of bear and wolf,  
As each came and went in their thirsty marches;  
One day came a wanderer o'er the sea,—  
A hardy Scot built a log house dwelling,  
Brought his wife and daughters to the spot  
Where this Silver Spring was upward welling.

He burned the trees on this sightly hill,  
And where you stand was Duncan's clearing;  
They lived near red men as good friends,  
No ruthless act from that source fearing;  
Well, the time came when this race was wronged,  
And promises were stained and broken  
By white men, who when few and poor  
Were glad to grasp each friendly token

That the red men offered to their grasp,  
But as they grew up thicker, stronger,  
They took by force these streams and woods,  
And deemed the red men friends no longer ;  
Then war raged through this beauteous land,  
Duncan was slain, with wife and daughters,  
But for some cause the house was left,  
Right here beside these sparkling waters.

Then stories grew, and the place was shunned :  
They claimed that forms were seen there nightly,  
And owls and wild beasts only claimed  
This spot that was so fair and sightly ;  
If it's true or false I cannot say,—  
So runs the tale, weird, strange, and mystic,  
Of the long ago of Silver Spring,  
That lies beyond the Tatnuck District.

## REYNARD'S PROTEST.

I am only a fox, and they say I steal hens,  
And for that sole reason am voted a thief,  
Hunted down by the dogs, and wounded by men,—  
My life on this earth is at best very brief;  
They call it rare sport, these men and their wives,  
To chase me for hours over meadow and hill,  
With a hundred to one of men, horses, and dogs,  
And one poor, lone fox to capture and kill.

Why I was born fox and not born a man  
Is a question I have tried hard to explain,  
With all the fine chances a man has in life  
I would strive to develop a more humane brain  
Than to hunt, wound, or kill anything just for fun;  
Seems to me fun for one should be fun for two,  
For the larger the sunshine the brighter your life;—  
That is a fox's argument, how looks it to you?

Cruel men shoot the birds, they say, just for fun,  
While I kill their hens, sir, only for food;  
I had rather catch mice and such troublesome things  
Than your hens to feed my famishing brood;  
Foxes must live, you know, and Nature tells me  
What food is adapted for foxes to eat.  
Men don't shoot us for food,—then what do they gain  
From searching us out in our lonely retreat?

If the Master of Life gave me freedom of choice  
To be dog or fox while I lingered round here,  
I would sure be a dog and have plenty to eat,—  
Upon that one subject my reason speaks clear;  
But here I was born, sir, am only a fox,  
Still it must have been Nature had some better use  
For my race when she moulded them here upon earth  
Than an object for man's cruel sport and abuse.

THE APPLE.  

---

“Grandpa, how did the apple come?”

Said a fair-haired child, one day,  
When we were watching farmers near,  
Engaged in gathering hay :

“Why, from the tree, my little miss.”

“But how’s the tree come, too?”

“Why, from a seed put in the ground ;  
How, I will soon teach you.”

“Then, Grandpa, please, how came the seed?”

“Why, another apple, dear.”

“But from where the parent apple came,  
Grandpa, is not quite clear.”

Rather a sage question, gentle friends ;

Perhaps some of you know

Which one was first, and will tell the child

What puzzled Grandpa so.

# Memorial Songs.

---

WHITTIER, TENNYSON.

---

I stood beneath the stars this glorious, autumn eve,  
And wondered as a doubting mortal will,—  
Where have they gone, those two we loved so well,—  
Do they yet linger round our bright world still?

What greeting met them in the land of souls?  
Did angel hands cull deathless spirit flowers  
To crown our gentle bards? methinks stern Death  
Could well have spared these genial souls of ours

A few more years to cheer this strangely weary world,  
To shed the fragrance of their lives about each  
home,  
To touch the harpstrings that long have been un-  
heard,  
To open the door and let the sunbeams come.

Well, we must wait, but on the other shore  
Birds bear the tidings far on pinions bright,  
That two who fed the manna sweet to hungry souls  
Have left a world of shadows for a world of light.

As when the storm has passed, high in the arching  
sky  
We see the bow of promise tinged with many a  
hue,  
We know these twain we loved, while clothed in other  
garb,  
Are our own poets still though 'yond our view.



MY SONG AT THE GRAVE OF WINNIE  
DAVIS.

---

Soft, sunny South, I bring a half-bloomed wreath  
To lay upon the grave of your dear child,  
And such sweet sympathy as poet's pen may give  
To soothe sad hearts, grief-wrung, and wild  
'Neath Sorrow's weight. Born in the throes  
A nation took while seeking higher light,  
The North opened her arms to greet the Southland's  
ward,—  
Strove with sweet smiles to make her pathway  
bright.

A Hand whose wisdom none may question, here,  
Led our young feet in many a winding way;  
We thought our cause was just who wore the Blue,  
You deemed us wrong who bravely donned the  
Gray;  
But Time has turned new pages: o'er the little mounds  
That dot each hillside, vale, upland, and lea,  
There floats one common Flag where we clasp hands;  
That Flag means much, my friends, to you and me.

So it were meet that, in your sorrowing hour  
For one who nestled closely near the Southern  
heart,  
I should step, uncovered, where your \*"Daughter"  
lies,  
Hoping it no intrusion that I crave a part

In the last loving duties we on earth can give  
To one whose gifted pen lulled weary lives to rest,  
Who touched hearts with her wand, bid the dark  
shadows flee,  
Came to us trusting,—was the Northland's guest.

Good night, fair sister, mayhap somewhere 'yond,  
Our paths may cross, and in some brighter day,  
You learn that hearts beat warmly 'neath the Blue  
For one we loved, as those beneath the Gray;  
Comrades in sorrow, my poor poet's pen  
Had ne'er a sweeter, sadder task than in this hour,  
To weave my wreath for one in Life's fresh dawn,  
And lay upon her grave, above your withered  
flower.

---

\* Winnie Davis was adopted as "Daughter of the Confederacy."

## SAPPHO :

A SONG FROM OLD HELLAS.  

---

Sweet bird of song, through all the ages vast,  
Like a bright star beyond our reach on high,  
Thy lustre never dimmed, but as Time speeds along  
More radiant shines thy glory in the sky;  
Nor wrong, nor ignorance, can mar thy history's  
page,—

Like the bright lucent skies which arch the Hellas  
shore,

A stranger, wandering 'mongst thy storied isles  
Feels thy sweet presence thrill his being o'er.

Ages ago, in thy sweet, happy home of peace,  
Where Love sent forth her bright, refulgent rays,  
Thou, radiant queen among the lesser stars that shone,  
Taught Purity, and sang throughout the sunny  
days;

While far across the seas in distant foreign lands,  
Fair daughter of the Gods, thy lyre's soft, dulcet  
strains

Touched hearts attuned to sweetest melody,  
And swept away full many cares and pains.

Where hast thou gone, fair songstress of the long ago?  
Must we look upward to the star-decked dome,  
Has some fair sister planet now thy presence bright,  
In distant Orion hast thou found a home?

Or midst the Pleiades dost thy soft, gentle hand  
Guide the weird sisters through the realms of space,  
We ask, we children of another race and clime,  
Where hast thou hid thy bright and smiling face?

Down through the dim, arched vistas of the past  
There floats sweet music of the long ago,  
Beneath the ocean waves, on the soft midnight air,  
Come rhythmic strains of which we little know;  
But through the wondrous peace that fills our souls  
We catch a glimpse of Sappho's face once more.  
Fair sister, welcome, welcome three times three,  
Back to the homes, and hearts, and earth of yore.

OUR GOOD GRAY POET, WALT WHITMAN.

---

Perhaps the soul that laid Earth's burden down  
With its ripe harvest of the long drawn years,  
Would not demur, if one of lesser note  
Brought flowers to his grave, in place of tears;  
Perhaps that soul in its bright home beyond,  
'Mongst those who love the man, clean cut, divine,  
Might twine amid his trophies in the skies  
These buds to blossom, from this hand of mine.

Who knows how long kind, earnest Walt has prayed,  
Though prayer we deem but a true soul's desire,  
That his old hands might clear the tangled paths  
To lift his brother man and toiling sister higher;  
The doorway of the poet's realm stood open, wel-  
come, free,  
He stepped within the alcove, clad in simple gray,  
The wreaths he twined, the deathless gems he found,  
The hearts he touched, bear witness here today.

We turn his life's page backward to the days gone  
by,  
We walk amid the dying, and the patriot dead,  
Among my comrades dear, where his soft, loving  
hand  
Soothed many a passing soul; our blessing 's on  
your head,

Grand Old Walt Whitman. Just across Death's sea,  
A thousand boys who wore the Gray and Blue  
Are waiting, till in angel hands you gain your  
strength,  
That they, with laurel wreaths, may welcome you.

A simple, honest heart, he deemed all men his peers,  
No gilt or tinsel weighed in his clear eyes,  
He saw a Master's hand in every soul he met  
(We often greet an angel in disguise);  
Then when some current sweeps them far in space  
Lost are our vain regrets, for with the ebbing tide  
Glides the bright treasure,—had we studied well  
Our lesson, they might linger at our side.

Good night, my friend, bells in the angel lands  
Ring a clear peal, a welcome glad to you,  
While the gray robes you wore, toiling here with us,  
Will change for those of lighter, sunnier hue;  
Yes, many a rose your loving hand has twined  
Beside our pathway, fragrant, sweet, and bright.  
Each bud has bloomed, while many swelling hearts  
Bid you Good'speed, Walt, and a kind Good-night.

SONG AT THE GRAVE OF EUGENE FIELD.

---

Once more grim Death hath touched with icy hand  
A bard we loved, who through the long, long years,  
Made our homes bright with his sweet, gentle songs,  
And left a sunbeam where he banished tears;  
Wife, children, home, three jewels left behind;  
Tell me, ye souls who dwell in regions fair,  
Why was he called; can he across the stream  
Restring his harp,—make sweeter music there?

Like a "Lost Chord" from some bright angel realm  
Comes his last song, "My Playmates, where are  
they?"

We cannot tell; his sun that set in gloom  
Might rise to usher in a perfect day:  
Perhaps he met them; forty long, long years  
Would ripen many a life, its golden grain  
Meet for the gleaner; in that sunny land,  
He and his playmates might clasp hands again.

Some strive for gold, some climb Ambition's stair,  
Each thinking Happiness to surely find,  
Some seek in foreign lands to woo sweet Rest,  
Forgetting that their selfish haste left her behind:  
But he donned finer garb, with magic wand  
Touched the sweet child soul, brought his won-  
drous peace  
To hearts sore troubled, pointing out the way  
To still the tempest, bid their sorrows cease.





# Songs of the Sea.

---

## SUNSET AT SEA.

---

We stand on the beach at weird Nahant  
And watch the breakers shoreward curl,  
Note how they clasp the slimy rocks,  
In through the caverns sweep and whirl:  
Then we turn our gaze toward the setting sun  
Where its golden beams tip the heaving sea,  
And ask, What news from far off lands  
Do those glittering sunbeams bring to me?

Let us woo the occult for awhile,  
For I see those waves that sped and chased  
Each other from Britain's rock-bound shores  
Have strange legends on their surface traced:  
And if scenes and thoughts are portrayed true,  
On face of each swelling, foam-capped wave  
Are mother's prayers, and strong men's sighs,  
Ere they sank in their boundless ocean grave.

From sanded caves comes the Fisher's cry,  
How he, tossed at mercy of wave and wind,  
Lost from his sea-boat in Grand Banks' fog  
To his Cape Ann home and those left behind:

Pages written close fill a mighty book  
Where a million lives, and untold gold,  
Sleep the long sleep, where no one may read  
Their fate, on sea-waves clear and cold.

Somewhere 'twixt here and the other shore  
Atlantis rests in her ocean bed,  
King, sage, and maiden dreamless lie,  
While ships and steamers sail o'erhead:  
Strange shapes on the ocean's golden floor  
Cast shadows up through the blue to me,  
While dolphins' sport, and sea-gulls' flight,  
Make a picture rare, "Sunset at Sea."

"Sunset at Sea," how many eyes  
Glance sadly back o'er the sparkling wake,  
Toward the distant home, where patient hearts  
Sit lone, and pray for the wanderer's sake:  
So I dream and gaze while shadow forms  
In uncounted numbers circle me,  
Touched with gold from fading sunbeam rays  
Scan the picture yon, "Sunset at Sea."

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

---

I stood one day on Warren Bridge  
And watched the tide run out to sea,  
When 'neath the Fitchburg Yard I saw  
What seemed a woman's dress, to me:  
Men saw it on a schooner moored,  
Reached out and caught the waving hair,  
Made her fast with a rope to the bowsprit stays,  
And left the slight form floating there.

I pondered long, gazed on her face,  
Young, passing fair, scarce turned eighteen;  
How came she dead, was true love scorned?  
Did some strange shadow come between  
Her and the one her young heart chose?  
Was she a-weary in strange land?  
Had her health failed, had bright Hope flown  
With all her happy, joyous band?

Was a boat upturned on classic Charles?  
If so, her lover would have sought  
By every means that science claims  
To save her, ere the river brought  
That slender form with sea-weed tressed;  
Say, river, sunshine, moonlight, stars,  
What answer make you each to me?  
Can naught dispel the gloom that bars

All knowledge out, where I would seek  
To solve the motive which has wrought  
Such grievous wrong to one so fair,  
To such sad end her young life brought?  
No answer, still runs out the tide,  
Out 'yond Fort Warren, 'neath the waves  
That sweep unmindful, their arms wreath,  
Deep down, a million unmarked graves.

Still Life's thread runs through warp and woof  
Both here and on the other side,  
But this the difference: There no wrong  
Can quench life 'neath the outbound tide.  
In realm of soul Love has full scope,  
All drink it, breathe its atmosphere;  
Injustice stands outside the gates,—  
Wrong is an utter stranger there.

SUNK BY A LINER.

---

We lay on the Banks in a three-days fog,  
A watch ahead, and a watch astern,  
Kept a foghorn blowing all the time,  
And our signal lights ne'er failed to burn;  
Yet the Scandinavian ran us down  
And cut our bark almost in two,—  
Four men and the Captain's wife were drowned  
When the good boat Florence sank from view.

He clasped his wife to his manly breast,  
Both sank beneath the heaving wave:  
"We can die but once, my darling wife,  
Far down in our rock-bound ocean grave."  
Down, down they went, but some wondrous Power  
That we mortals sense, but 'yond our ken,  
Tore them apart,—his wife was gone,  
But the Captain rose to the air again.

They drew him into the steamer's boat,  
They brought him back to life once more.  
He ope'd his eyes, "O my darling wife,  
Have you gone to that far-off unknown shore?  
Long years have passed since you left your home  
To sail with me as my ocean bride.  
I had hoped that clasped in each other's arms  
We might float to sea with the outbound tide.

“ They willed it different, you have sailed  
On a distant sea ; who guides your bark?  
Will some loving hand point out the way  
When the storm clouds come, and all is dark?  
I will wait with patience, can you come  
Back from that distant land of blue,  
Will you kiss me, darling, stroke my hair,  
Shall I know, Eliza, it is you?”

Still the fog hangs low upon Grand Banks,  
Still Neptune clasps to his heaving breast  
Brave, manly forms, and missing barks  
That have sunk like a weary child to rest :  
Bear this message, please, to far Saint Johns,  
Tell that loving heart, though billows roll  
O'er the form you loved, no grave so deep  
It can claim or chain your dear mate's soul.

## THE PHANTOM MAINE.

We lay becalmed off the Chinese coast,  
All hands but the watch on deck below,  
But I could not sleep for the phantom Maine  
And Old Jack Atkins of long ago.  
This Jack was my mate, and weary leagues  
We two had sailed on gulf and sea,  
But the Yellow Jack was a-cruising 'round  
And the first I knew had his grip on me.

So I lay in port for weeks and weeks,  
They claimed was wandering in my mind,  
Saw the Maine go down, and shipmates sailed  
For an unknown port, and me left behind:  
But I stemmed the tide and soon got well,  
Bid good-bye to nurse, and iron bed,  
Donned my sailor togs, and was then transferred  
To this Eastern Fleet where Dewey led.

But I saw strange sights, and many a night  
When I stood my watch, Old Jack was there,—  
“Went down with the Maine,” so our Jackies said,  
But I saw him standing in the air:  
Some said it was only a sailor's whim,  
Some said the fever turned my brain,  
But I said, “Wait, mates, till we meet the Dons,  
“And right there among us will be the Maine.”

Well, you know the story about our fight,  
How we sank their ships, and won the day,  
But I'll swear Jack Atkins helped man my gun  
And the Maine fought at Manila Bay.  
Strange things go floating, sir, through the air,—  
Things some can feel, and some can see,  
And they say the Jackies in Sampson's fleet  
Saw the same as the picture came to me.

That the Phantom Maine sailed into the fight  
With Schley, near Santiago Bay,  
Helped sink Cervera's famed Spanish Fleet  
Near that same Cuba where her bones lay:  
And they say one reason the Spanish shells  
Missed our Yankee ships time and again,  
Was the Spaniards saw that weird, ghost-ship there,  
Manned by the crew that was sunk by Spain.

Landsmen may scoff, but you watch events,  
Watch, if some Power up in the skies,  
Don't teach our foes that the Maine still lives,  
And her crew are there spite of Spanish lies:  
Souls never die, and a wrong must right,  
For the day is past when dead is dead,  
While the foul deed done by Spanish hands  
Bears grewsome fruit of steel, and lead.

So the Phantom Maine sails the sea of air,  
And all around us dressed in blue,  
Are our messmates sunk in Havana Bay,  
The Phantom Maine, and her phantom crew:



And each Jack as he pats his turret gun  
Feels pride when his shell goes singing on,  
Ploughs a hole through ships of hated Spain,  
Bows down the head of each haughty Don.

This was the story Joe Fidd told me,  
A gray old salt, once on the Maine;  
Each Jack remembers Havana Bay  
When he trims his gun for the fight again:  
And it makes no difference where'er we go,  
In some friendly port, or out to sea,  
In the battle's storm, or on watch at night,  
The Maine and Jack Atkins come to me.

RE-UNITED.  
-----

They met on a steamer, outward bound  
    Beneath the clear sky's arching blue,  
In a hasty hour each vowed to part,  
    Each called the other one untrue:  
One thought that Sweden's crispy air  
    Might banish clouds of doubt and gloom,  
The other chose the south of France,  
    Its purple grapes, and roses' bloom.

We plan our journey, other hands  
    Guide the bark to a port we do not know,  
There are currents weird that bear us on  
    Not where we aimed, or wished to go:  
So these lovers met on the deep blue sea,  
    Each sad at heart, while the old refrain,  
"We shall only meet as strangers now"  
    Told hasty blood broke Love's sweet chain.

Three days from port, one sunny morn  
    They met, and passed each other by,  
She blushed, looked down, a tear drop fell,  
    He coughed, gazed seaward, heaved a sigh:  
Emotions weird, that we cannot see,  
    Like occult bodies throng the air,  
That sigh and tear cast a magic spell,  
    A subtile garment o'er the pair.

Next morn she sat wrapped in her shawl,  
On deck, and watched the blue waves roll,  
A step behind her, then a voice  
That stilled the throbbings of her soul :  
“Dear, I was hasty, did you wrong,  
“Forgive my error, sweet Gabrelle ;  
Tears filled her eyes, “And I was proud,  
“Forget the past, all will be well.”

Then the good Chaplain made them one,  
Gay Stockholm saw the happy pair,  
Sailed days among the Danish isles,  
And breathed the hardy sea-kings' air ;  
They trod the plains of sunny France  
Gazed at Vesuvius' mouth of flame,  
But deemed Columbia best of all,  
The dear old land from whence they came.

# Songs of the Battlefield.

## MISSING AT EL CANEY.

They waited through weary days and nights,  
They scanned the papers for army news,  
For the boy they loved was on Cuba's isle,  
And grim fever lurked 'neath tropic dews :  
No word had come to that lonely home,—  
Had a Mauser bullet checked his life?  
Was he still with comrades marching on  
'Mid the smoke and din of battle's strife?

Through each throbbing heart questions came and  
went  
Like the tide that ebbs and flows at sea,  
"Oh, God!" was that waiting Mother's prayer,  
"Can I trust my darling boy with Thee?"  
Days passed along, yet no message came,—  
Had the boy forgot his Mother dear!  
Would no news flash o'er the ocean wires  
To break the silence sad and drear?

Then came the news of El Caney's fight,  
And the dead on heights of San Juan ;  
"Many maimed and lost, no lists as yet,"  
Was how the throbbing message ran :

God only knows how those hungry hearts  
    Could beat and pulse, and yet not break,  
How eyes were wet through long, long nights,  
    For the missing boys, and sweet Love's sake.

So days sped on, 'till they merged in weeks ;  
    One day a package came at night,  
A "Home Group" picture, found on the field  
    When charging Caney's bloody height :  
No name was signed, perhaps he fell,  
    Grim fever might have claimed him ere  
He had time to write of the "Missing" one,  
    Of the soldier boy to them so dear.

Was he shot and his soul sped on apace?  
    Did he lie for hours 'neath shriek of shell  
Or blistering sun, moaning Mother's name?  
    Only the angels there can tell :  
And this is War, that men glorify !  
    While hearts are left to throb and break ;  
Let us hope that soon, throughout all lands,  
    Peace shall be our guest for sweet Love's sake.

OUR DRUMMER BOY.

---

A lull in the battle's awful roar,  
And among the dying and the dead  
Was our Drummer Boy in the foremost ranks ;  
While the golden curls on his head  
Were matted now, as the oozing blood  
Marked the track of a rifle ball,  
And no Jimmy Dale answered proudly, "Here,"  
When he heard the Sergeant's call.

"Say, Bill," said a gray-haired Battery man,  
As he leaned on his smoking gun,  
"There's many a home our shot has wrecked  
Since rising of the sun :  
And many a heart our guns have lulled  
To sleep, on War's gory bed ;  
What's that you say, Little Drummer Jim  
In the foremost line lies dead?"

"Dead, dead!" and tears from his great brown eyes  
Coursed down his powder-stained cheek,  
"Why, that drum saved the day six months ago,  
When we fought at Peach Tree Creek :  
While along the lines at Mission Ridge  
And on Sherman's March to the Sea,  
Our Drummer Boy, marching in the van  
Was a wonderful sight to see.

“Dead on the field! what’ll Uncle Bill\* say?  
For he loved that Drummer Boy,  
And many a time I’ve seen his eyes  
Light up with pride and joy  
As he watched Jim beat with a steady hand,  
Gay, cheering notes on his drum,  
And pictured a pair of shoulder straps  
For him, in the days to come.

“Dear Little Jim, no kith nor kin,  
But the Child of the whole Brigade;  
There’s many an eye that will fill with tears  
When his form ’neath the earth is laid:  
Perhaps, old mate, in a fairer clime  
He’ll wait for me and you,  
And the first thing we hear across the line  
Will be his drum’s tattoo.”

---

\* Gen. W. T. Sherman.

DYING AT MONTAUK.

---

He lay on a bed 'neath the glaring sun,  
Where only sand dunes caught the eye,  
Damp raven curls clustered round his head,—  
Somebody's darling about to die:  
Hark! he dreams of home 'neath the Sierra's snows,  
And cool green shade of spruce and pine,  
Of a mother's hand, and sister's kiss,  
Of a ranch where booming roses twine.

His voice says faintly, "Say all is well,  
That I followed close where the Old Flag led,  
And we charged up the heights of San Juan  
Where the ground was strewn with maimed and  
dead;  
Thrice I was struck by the Spanish balls,  
Then I stopped to help poor Bill Mahews,  
Shot through the lungs, 'Poor boy,' he gasped,  
'What will Mother say when she reads the news?'

"He gave this charm with a sweetheart's face,  
And made me promise as he lay  
On the wet ground dying, to find his home  
And hand them this locket, some future day:  
In a far-off home, where Yellowstone glides,  
Where the grand old Rockies kiss the sky,  
Poor Bill had hoped on the dear old ranch  
When Death 'rounded up' his life, to die."



Slow the sun sank low 'yond Western hills  
And lengthening shadows went and came.  
"Hark!" he said, "Some one says we will wait;  
Was it Bill that just now called my name?  
Look! Look!" he cried, "'Tis the Spring-time now,  
How green the grass in the river's bed,  
There's my mates all calling, 'Come, Sam, 'tis  
dawn';"  
And the Rough Rider's form fell backward, dead.

One rests 'neath the palms on Cuba's isle,  
And one 'mid lonely dunes of sand,  
While loving hearts miss two absent boys  
On their foothills ranch in the Western land:  
Each died for the flag they loved so well,  
Each sleeps in a lone grave by the sea  
No kind hand near to wreathe each wound,  
Only the Old Flag, waving free.

FLASH: THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

---

Ofttimes, old comrades, as we stand upon the brink  
And gaze across the river over Death's divide,  
There comes a wave of past life sweeping on,  
That bears us, spite our struggles, with the tide;  
And as the years speed onward many a time  
The scenes are recalled and the sights we saw  
Come back to us on Memory's golden wing  
Of years ago, when we were in'the war.

She was a mare of goodly build and limb,  
And oft at eve on Pooleville's arid plain  
We've seen her leap with master on her back  
O'er fence, and ditches, time and time again:  
There were bright leaves in her strange army life,  
While many a league her supple limbs had trailed  
The fierce Comanche, o'er his wandering prairie paths  
And on the Plains, when food and water failed.

Her faith ne'er wavered, in her Master's loving care  
She had full confidence, would follow like a fawn  
Him through the camp, amongst the cannon grim  
From early eve till coming of the dawn:  
A wondrous friendship this 'twixt man and beast,  
And not a soldier in that Battery's ranks  
But gripped his sabre, if you spoke light of their  
"Flash,"  
And for your kindness touched his hat, murmuring  
"Thanks."

The roar of cannon, merry brazen bugle's call  
Were music to her ears, each note so shrill and clear  
She knew, and understood, while 'mongst the many  
steeds

Flash was the Battery's Pet, and never knew a fear.  
Well, on a sunny day in Autumn's richest time  
Our corps a battle fought with Evans' men,  
While Flash, her Master, and two six-pound guns  
Were there to help us, on the Island stationed, when

A ball from Southern rifle through her Master's limbs  
And through her body tore; a fearful sight;  
She swam the river, followed eight miles to our camp  
Her Master's body, dying there that night.  
Tell me that mare, that Flash, had not a soul;  
I wish one-half the men had soul as fine!  
Dead? Why, no; the boys have got her there,  
Dear Flash stands with them on the Picket Line.

OUR ARMY MOTHER, HAZEL LANE.

---

I saw a lock of Hazel's hair  
That her mother cut one eve in May,  
Light, and soft with a golden sheen  
As you see on baby's head each day :  
A sheen with the impress of angel hands,  
Only a twelve month since she came  
From the angel home, soft blue her eyes.  
Like the vault of Heaven, hers the same.

Do I woo the occult, dream too much?  
Why Peace dwells where you term ideal.  
You robe your soul in garments gross  
So much, you well-nigh deem them real :  
What sweeter clime than a baby's, tell?  
Gentle, loving, trusting, helpless, sweet,  
Far better in our mad race for gold  
Should we more babies each day meet.

Time crept along and Hazel grew,  
Till sixteen came with hopes and fears,  
Air castles bright more real seemed  
Than after lapse of long, hard years :  
A man of graceful garb and mien  
Across the range of her blue eyes swept,  
And the web of his fascination grew  
Till it round her like a serpent crept.

Away she went like a lily afloat,  
Upheld by strong, kind parent stem,  
Afar from roof-tree, mother's love,  
Eyes dazed by glare of a counterfeit gem:  
Cast off like a rose with withered leaves,  
Yet the old-time fragrance lingers still,  
God's hand is there, His fairest gems  
Not tarnished by man's cruel, selfish will.

In a lonely ward old comrades lie  
Sick, sad, and lone in each iron bed,  
There a woman moves, soft blue her eyes;  
Cares for the wounded and the dead.  
Eyes that never flinched at cannon's flash  
Watched her to and fro as she went and came.  
Arms clasped her neck, said "Farewell, dear,"  
And the last breath whispered "Mother's" name.

They knew her only as Mother Lane,  
Each loved her, praised her soft gold hair,  
Wrote how she nursed and cared for all,  
Her eyes of blue, so soft and fair:  
So Mother Lane was a household word  
In many a soldier's far-off home,  
Where each one claimed her for a guest  
When War should cease, and Peace should come.

Does God forget in the far-off blue  
That lock of hair, those sweet blue eyes  
In years ago Baby Hazel brought  
When she wandered here from Paradise?

No, no, in soul-land none forget,  
God's hand, through many a winding street,  
Led her soul from shadows up to dawn,  
Though long the way to her weary feet.

One day she laid her burden down,  
When morning came her soul had fled,  
And her "soldier children" sadly wept  
When the Surgeon told them she was dead:  
Where inland seas clasp a Western state,  
To wreath her grave for miles they came,  
And a granite shaft from soldier boys  
Bears, "Our Army Mother, Hazel Lane."

OUR ZIP.  

---

So you want me to write up a tale of the war  
And weave in a soldier's true story?  
Something to warm up our dull, sluggish blood,  
A tale with a halo of glory:  
Well, there's heroes a plenty along the whole line,  
Some are dead but not soon forgotten,  
And I'll twine my green wreath round a hero that's  
dumb,  
From the land of the rice and the cotton.

We were marching along one hot, dusty day,  
When we came to a farm house deserted,  
But a large yellow dog on the porch we found,  
Though his friends had all departed:  
So we halted there for a drink and a rest,  
That day in 'sixty-two's summer,  
And the dog marched with us beneath the Old Flag  
With never a whimper or murmur.

So we called him Zip, and we swore him in,  
He shared in our tent, and our rations,  
While he grew in grace and seemed to feel  
That his weal was wove in the nation's:  
On Antietam's field he ne'er cowered nor flinched,  
And when our clear bugle's note sounded,  
He led us past many a sorrowful sight,—  
But he hunted up all of our wounded.

In the battle's storm, in our bustling camps,  
On our bivouacs and marches,  
On the picket line, in the midnight scout,  
Or out in the scorching trenches,  
"Our Zip" was a friend you could ever trust,  
While along Chickahominy's River,  
Though our ranks grew thin, and our spirits drooped  
His grit was as good as ever.

Well, Gettysburg came; through our depleted ranks  
The shot came singing and hissing,  
So when night came down and the roll was called  
"Our Zip" was found to be missing;  
I searched along where our Battery fought,  
When a sight made my weary eyes kindle,  
A dead Reb. and a Yank. grasped our shivered Flag's  
staff,  
And "Zip's" dead teeth held the broken ash handle.

A hero? Well, yes, deserted by those  
In the home that his watchful care guarded,  
His love never swerved after joining our ranks  
Though a dead dog seldom is lauded:  
Dear Old Zip, far away on Eternity's sea  
Who shall say but the Wonderful Giver  
If a true hero's life, even though but a dog's,  
Must close here or live on forever.

You asked me to write a true tale of the war,  
And I see eyes of soldiers grow brighter,  
As they think of the dog marching on by their side  
Who made many lonely hours lighter;



So a cheer for "Our Zip" who died for the Flag  
On Gettysburg's red field of glory,  
You wanted to hear of a hero's brave deed  
And I've told you a soldier's true story.

## TWO PICTURES—THE BLUE AND GRAY.

---

We came upon two rigid forms  
At Chickamauga where they fell,  
One wore the Blue, was middle-aged,  
One wore the Gray: I heard Bill tell  
His mate they looked to him like twins  
Both lithe, and supple, both blue-eyed,  
Each held a picture in his hand,  
Each gazed upon it as he died.

One was a woman whose soft eyes  
Told Life was in its sunny morn,  
Perhaps a sweetheart, or a wife;  
No sorrow had commenced to dawn.  
The other, wreathed with snow-white hair,  
Was kind, and saint-like, 'neath its crown,  
Her sweet blue eyes, unruffled brow  
Bespoke all patience, ne'er a frown.

Both loved a woman; in their hands  
Those pictures each had tale to tell.  
Last glance of eye, last throb of life  
From two true hearts, it told how well  
Love triumphed over Death's gray gloom;  
Had brothers met, clasped hands once more?  
Had each one life, or had the Blue  
Paused for the Gray on Heaven's shore?

We searched in vain, no mark to tell  
Their name, nor State from whence they came  
Some wife, and mother, gave their all,—  
Two soldiers, both unknown to fame:  
Upon the Chickamauga's banks,  
Beneath a tree we dug their graves,  
Traced on a headboard, "Blue and Gray,"—  
Above them both "Old Glory" waves.

Once more two pictures greet my eyes;  
Not battlefields, a different view,  
A vineclad home,—within, a soul  
Is passing upward toward the blue:  
Kind Death stands by that mother's bed  
When reaching out each dying hand,  
"Thank God!" she cried, "my darling boys  
Each close beside me, smiling, stand."

Another home where roses bloom  
And mock-birds sing their wondrous lay,  
That rosy face grown old with care  
And weary waiting day by day:  
No word from soldier lover came  
His comrades "Missing" to her said,  
But Hope with years brought no response,  
So she must perforce think him dead.

But not alone, though sad her heart,  
For oft at eve this Southern home  
Has angel mother and two boys,  
Although she may not see them come:

Soon Life's great lesson will be learned,  
Then when her soul bids earth adieu,  
Three loving angels standing there,  
Each patient waits, to guide her through.

UNKNOWN.  

---

'Tis Sunday morn, Memorial Day ;  
I think of sorrow's waves that sweep  
From many hearts, on hill and dale,  
Sad hearts that mourn, and eyes that weep :  
Where are our dead? each fragrant bloom  
Of clover warm South winds have sown  
Wreath graves where lie your treasured dust  
In mead, by river,—all unknown.

On Sherman's March, Kilpatrick's Raid,  
Perhaps a picket on the James,  
A flash, a groan, the river clasps  
Their forms,—no record of their names :  
One might have wandered searching food,  
One burdened with his heavy load,  
Turned from the path his comrades trod,—  
Died on an unused woodland road.

The night was dark, rain fell in sheets  
On the Missouri's turbid flood,  
Across the stream was Booneville Ford,  
Where a lone Union picket stood.  
Long service, sickness, want of rest  
Told on him, on his senses stole  
The balm of sleep,—his body lies  
Where Mississippi's waters roll.

Some were detached to seek for news  
Across the lines ; the General said,  
"Be cautious how you trust our foes ;  
Be sure you're right, then move ahead."  
That scout was some kind mother's boy,  
He left his mates one day alone,  
Passed by the pickets,—that was all,  
His grave unmarked, his fate unknown.

One schoolmate of my early days  
Was at Port Hudson ; shot and shell  
Swept that platoon like autumn leaves,—  
What was his fate no one can tell :  
He might have lain there dying, hours,  
Have lost a limb, have choked with thirst ;  
The sun shone down like molten brass  
Where Southern missiles shrieked and burst.

Another was in Howard's Corps  
Kind, generous to a fault, and free.  
The Sergeant's roll this record bore,—  
"Lost 'tween Atlanta and the Sea :"  
Dear comrade, on one Sunday morn  
Ten miles you came, old friends to greet ;  
I little thought while clasping hands  
It was the last time we should meet.

It all seems wrong ; where are these dead ?  
No hand lays flowers on their graves.  
Their dust is scattered, whitening bones  
Their only tablet. O'er them waves

The lonely cypress and the pine;  
The night-birds' song, the river's moan  
Their only requiem. What their fate  
We know not,—missing, where? unknown.

They must be somewhere; in the realm  
Of souls there are no unknown dead;  
I'll ask the Sergeant robed in Gray,  
And bring his message. This he said:  
There are no dead in his command  
For on his bright and shining roll,  
Is name of every comrade dear  
Who joined the army of the soul.

Not one old mate but answers "Here,"  
No one is missing, none forgot,  
All, all are mustered in this land  
Where peace and plenty is their lot:  
So when you read at head of mounds,  
"Unknown" the one whose dust is here,  
That only means the grosser part,  
Not soul,—the soul that we revere.

So I shall call them comrades still,  
Give them warm greeting in my home,  
Speak of their trials, make them feel  
I love to meet them when they come:  
No unknown dead, no unknown graves,  
They are recorded each and all,  
By the kind angel we call Death,—  
Each answers to the Sergeant's call.

LUKE.  

---

"Twas Spring in Concord, Farmer Grant  
Sat in his porch on the Boston road.  
To the right lay fields of brightest green,  
Beyond the Concord River flowed:  
"Wife," he said, "we're lonely in our age;  
The children once our pride and joy  
Have gone; Kate lives in Joliet;  
Luke, no one knows,—our soldier boy.

"You know our boy had Grandsire's grit,  
Old Luke, who fought at Bunker Hill,  
Who stood by Warren when he fell,  
Helped give the Britishers their fill:  
Next Tuesday week's Memorial Day,  
And when they deck the graves with flowers,  
We both shall wonder who will wreath  
Luke's grave,—that soldier boy of ours.

I often think he may return,  
You know the paper 'Missing' said,  
Maybe in prison being starved,  
Perhaps is wounded, but not dead:  
I had a dream two nights ago  
That Luke was here Memorial Day,  
Marched with the boys, an empty sleeve  
Had brought him home,—he said, to stay.



"Then Kate comes home the first of June  
With her new baby, little Will;  
We've never seen him; what ails Bounce,  
'Tis strange, why don't the dog keep still?  
Well, we must get the cattle home;  
Come, Bounce, it's almost set of sun."  
They started out along the road  
And met them coming, one by one.

Brindle, No Horns, Susie, and Nell,  
And the ewe sheep behind with her Nan,  
But following came one with weary step,  
Thick stained with dust, and brown with tan:  
Bounce barks, and jumps in frantic glee  
As though 'twas someone that he knew,  
While out from the traveler's dusty side  
Swung an empty sleeve of army blue.

They met, the father and soldier Luke,  
Then followed slow to the barnyard gate,  
Where the good wife stood in the open door,  
Wondering what made the cows so late:  
No need to speak, for her loving heart  
Spoke louder than tongue or pen her joy,  
"Great God, I thank Thee that these arms  
Can clasp my long-lost boy!"

'Twas a joyous group, and Bounce was wild,  
They sat and talked till the eve was late,  
When a carriage drove up into the yard  
And into the house came daughter Kate:

No sleep that night at Farmer Grant's  
While the neighbors wondered what was wrong,  
If the folks were sick at the River Farm  
For they saw lights burning the whole night long.

Luke marched with his mates Memorial Day,  
Was his father's pride, and mother's joy,  
Told of army hardships and prison fare  
And how they treated a soldier boy:  
Their ripening years were happier now,  
Tinged with the sunset's golden rays,—  
Soon two new mounds will claim Luke's care  
To wreathe with flowers Memorial Days.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

---

We gathered around, this fair May morn  
In the Hall, and each gave a comrade's greeting,  
Talked of the war, of our country's state,  
And who had died since last year's meeting :  
We marched to the music of army days,  
Then with flowers and wreaths and flags a-flying,  
Each soldier followed his Captain's lead  
To the graves where those we loved were lying.

A touch on the shoulder—I turned around,  
When the air seemed full of long-gone faces,  
From the prison cells, from the battle's smoke,  
From the picket-lines, yet I saw no traces  
Of Famine gaunt, nor of fell Disease,  
Nor of wounds, nor of aught that spoke of battle,  
No clash of steel, no sentry's tread,  
No rushing steeds, no cannon's rattle.

I sure must dream! there's Willie Grout,  
Who died in the swift Potomac River,  
And Getchell, brave, with Colonel Ward,  
Erect and soldierly as ever :  
Kind Devens' face looks calmly down,  
And around, about, beside me, speaking  
In cheering tones, are the well-known forms  
That we thought 'neath daisies were a-sleeping.

Whence come these forms? they phantom seem,  
And yet beside us like mists a-speeding,  
Bright, happy, free, bedecked with flowers  
Are friends that I saw lie torn and bleeding  
On the battlefield, far, far from home,  
Their requiem only the singing river,—  
By our side they march a thousand strong,  
Their step and bearing firm as ever.

A faith comes down from the Northmen bold,  
That the dead o'er the rainbow bridge that arches  
From this busy earth to the land of souls  
Return to cheer our weary marches:  
Then what I saw was no idle dream,  
In our ranks this fair Memorial morning,  
But our dead who fell 'neath Southern skies  
O'er the rainbow bridge to our side returning.

WERE THEY THERE?  

---

We met, and clasped each other's hands,  
Looked in the eyes whose fire was fading,  
Spoke of the lines across each face  
And how the silver threads were shading  
The locks that years ago were brown  
Or black like the raven's sable feather,  
And wondered if when the year came around  
We each and all should meet together.

There were gaps in the ranks since a year ago,  
For I missed some old, familiar faces;  
Can our mates march through the Autumn air  
To another camp, and leave no traces  
For us while still we linger here?  
No guide, to point to the old Flag flying,  
When the Sergeant Death calls our pickets in  
And our forms 'neath winter's snows are lying?

Then two by two, through the crowded street,  
We marched where the banquet was awaiting,  
And softly filed round the festal board  
And halted, ere our hunger sating.  
"Attention, men!" called our Leader's voice,  
"Salute the dead!" and each comrade standing  
Thought of the souls who crossed the tide  
And asked, Had each one pleasant landing?

How did soldiers fare in that other land,  
Did the cannon flash, were sabres ringing,  
Or 'neath the flag were North and South  
The songs of Peace in Union singing?  
Then we sang the song of the "Vacant Chair,"  
And out where golden sunbeams quiver  
I seemed to see on the Autumn air  
The forms of those who crossed the river.

But they're fresh and lithe, not a single thread  
Of silver on their heads is lying;  
Can it be our mates have all grown young,  
Does it renew youth, what you call dying?  
'Tis but a dream, you lightly say,  
Only a mirage swiftly fleeting,  
Yet 'tis plain to me that our comrades dear  
Stood by our side at this day's meeting.

## SERGEANT BILL;

OR, THE GHOST OF THE MOSELLE.

---

It came about in this way :

We were talking of the war,  
Each one told his story plainly,  
What he knew and what he saw ;  
Some had camped and messed with Custer,  
Some saw service on the James,  
Some had weathered Chickamauga  
Where they won immortal names.

Some with Boggs fought the Varuna  
Ere she sank beneath the wave,  
One had lost his arm at Corinth  
Trying hard the flag to save ;  
One a leg at Lookout Mountain,  
One an eye at Malvern Hill,  
While a scar from chin to temple  
Seamed the face of Sergeant Bill.

Bill was old, and gray, and silent,  
When he walked was somewhat lame,  
No one knew his age or nation  
Nor the land from whence he came ;

---

Born, and nurtured in the saddle,  
Reared behind the rifled guns,  
He was every inch a soldier,  
Slow at mirth or making puns.

He had served across the water,  
In the European wars,  
And he wore the Cross of Honor,  
Bore his record in his scars;  
He had served with Ulric Dahlgren,  
"Served a gun" in Battery B,  
Been with Sherman as a vidette  
From Atlanta to the sea.

And his tale ran on in this wise:  
Some strange sights my eyes have seen  
Since I learned to be a soldier,  
Then a stripling of sixteen;  
Once while stationed on an outpost  
Far off on the blue Moselle,  
One by one three comrades vanished,  
How, or where we could not tell.

They were stationed singly, nightly,  
Near a wild and lonely ford,  
And their horses returned empty;  
How or when they had been lured  
To their fate by crafty Uhlán,  
Siren, spirit of the wave,  
We could find no traces of them,—  
Was the blue Moselle their grave?



Well, my turn came; pale, affrighted,  
Trembling, weak in every limb,  
Suddenly beside my elbow  
Stood my tent-mate, Joseph Brehm;  
He was there the night before me,  
Frank, and honest, brave, and true,  
Now his clothes were wet and dripping  
And his face was stained and blue.

"Mount, and fly," he whispered hoarsely,  
"Haste, you have no time to lose,  
Hurry, quick, the foe are coming.  
I have solved their cunning ruse."  
Like an arrow my steed thundered,  
Roused my comrades one and all,  
Back to Metz we rushed, and halted  
Safe behind the castle wall.

Long years passed; again my comrade  
Came and touched my forage cap,  
When we followed hard on Mosby  
Through the Pass at Blooming Gap;  
"Halt!" he said, "They lie in ambush,"  
I rode up to Captain Hall,  
"Look out, Cap! a trick of Mosby's,  
Let me bugle the recall."

Just in time to save our colors,  
When our comrades turned about  
We could see the line of Gray-backs  
Charging onward with a shout;

Just too late, our boys are coming,—  
Mosby dare not follow through  
The Pass our well-trained troopers,  
Those firm, serried lines of blue.

Days passed on, our life was stirring,  
Some one spied my "service braid,"  
"Just the man we want for courier,"  
That was what the General said;  
So I hung around Headquarters,  
Took despatches far and near,  
Followed up a sort of genteel life  
For, say, something like a year.

But the days grew long and dreary,  
And when Sherman faced the sea,  
I concluded that Headquarters life  
Was hardly fit for me;  
So I buckled on my sabre,  
Got detailed as a vidette,  
And found an active trooper's life  
Had attractions for me yet.

Well, we scouted, marched, and foraged,  
Over hill, and plain, and lea,  
Till we camped beside the waters  
Of the flowing Ocmulgee;  
'Twas my watch from ten till midnight,—  
How he came I cannot tell,  
But beside me for the third time  
Stood the ghost of the Moselle.

"Haste," he said, "and call your comrades,  
There is danger at this ford;  
Take the back track to the corner,  
Then go down the other road":  
I did as the voice directed,  
And we learned that in the shade  
'Cross the river, Hill's "Bushwhackers"  
Had for us an ambuscade.

Well, we pushed on towards the sea-coast,  
But beside my bridle-arm  
I could feel that shadow riding,  
Who had shielded me from harm.  
You have listened to my story,  
You may think what'er you will,  
I have learned to trust that presence,  
Said the voice of Sergeant Bill.

WHO'LL DECK THE GRAVES OF OUR  
BOYS?

---

They two were talking about the war,  
How it took the young from the old folks' keeping,  
And they wondered where 'neath Southern skies  
The three brave boys they loved were sleeping:  
Memorial Day will soon be here,  
Then with blossoms sweet and banners flying,  
Kind hands on the graves will lay the wreaths,—  
But who'll deck the sod where ours are lying?

There was John, our first, at Newbern fell,—  
I mind me well how his blue eyes glistened  
When I read you the news of Sumter's fall  
And he sat so still by the fire and listened  
That I thought perhaps he would stay with us,  
But his grandsire brave shared Yorktown's glory,  
So he donned the blue and wrung our hands  
When his listening ear caught Bull Run's story.

Then Ned, our second, began to fret,  
And when there came the earnest calling  
From our nation's Chief, that they needed help,  
For the men like autumn leaves were falling,

Ned joined the Cavalry Corps 'neath Crook,  
And, away on the far Pamunkey River,  
They say that, by rebels ambushed shot,  
The horse and rider fell together.

Then Jim, the youngest, plead to go,  
While wife and I grew pale and frightened  
When he brought out his Grandsire's old snare drum  
And our tears fell fast as the cords he tightened:  
Well, Spring-time passed, then Summer bloomed  
And Autumn ripe,—then came the story,  
That our Drummer Jim led the battle's van  
And died on Malvern's field of glory.

So we sit in our home with bated breath,  
Watching where golden sunbeams quiver,  
Far out on the mountain's hoary side  
And along the wild Cocheco River:  
We have never questioned our country's needs,  
Yet, when the autumn leaves are falling,  
Our home seems so lonely without the boys  
That our sad hearts keep a constant calling.

And it sometimes seems I can hear a step  
On the stairs, and a sound like night winds sweep-  
ing,  
And maybe the boys we loaned to God  
He lets return when the world is sleeping:  
Far away in a Southern land they fell  
Where mock-birds sing in wondrous beauty,  
While we toil on with weary hearts  
And strive to do our daily duty.

So, when you speak of your empty sleeves,  
Of the blind, the lame, and sorely-wounded,  
Don't forget our sorrow has reached a depth  
That you as yet have never sounded;  
And when Memorial Day comes around,  
While on comrades' graves you lay sweet flowers,  
We gently kneel and softly pray  
That God won't forget these boys of ours.

And perhaps He will let His angels come  
From their sunny home in angel bowers,  
And maybe they'll find where our boys are laid  
And deck their graves with angel flowers:  
Perhaps when our earthly race is run  
And our forms 'neath the sod lie softly sleeping,  
The boys we lost in the battle's smoke  
Will be the first to give us greeting.

LEFT BEHIND.

---

I sit and muse on this eve of May,  
And my thoughts stray out to the starlit skies,  
While I question, Where are our comrades dear;  
Can they watch our course with their spirit eyes?  
Do they know that our burdens are hard to bear  
And our feet are a-weary, and lame, and sore,  
That the angel Hope hath a tear-dimmed eye  
As she patient waits by the half-closed door?

A hand turns the leaf of Life's weird book,  
So I slowly scan the years that have fled;  
Only a few scattered here and there,  
While a long line are marked on the roll-call,  
Dead;  
Dead! where have they gone who stemmed the tide  
When our country hovered 'twixt wrong and right,  
Was it naught to give all that man holds dear,  
Has their day star set in an endless night?

They were tried and true, our comrades dear,  
And they followed close where the old Flag led,  
'Mid the cannon's flame and whistling shot—  
But when I call them you whisper, "Dead":  
Where shall I look for my old Corps Badge,  
Can none show me where the Trefoil flies?  
I search in vain through the camp grounds here,—  
Must I look above in the starlit skies?

Sometimes in my dreams I am marching on,  
And our elbows touch as in days of yore,  
But the faces I see are young and fair,  
Not old and seamed, on that other shore:  
How shall I know them? No empty sleeves,  
No crippled limbs, no sightless eyes,—  
Are the waters cool, can we rest in the shade  
Are the camp grounds green in the far off skies?

Once more the year has circled around  
And we meet, each robed in army blue,  
When we deck their graves with our fragrant flowers,  
Can they hover near? If we only knew  
What they do in the camps beyond the grave,—  
Does the angel Peace with her laurel crown,  
Meet our mates on the picket line 'tween worlds  
And claim our comrades for her own?

No halt there seems in the March of Life;  
When a comrade falls by the roadside sore,  
The Angel Ambulance gathers him up  
And bears him on to a fairer shore:  
While, perhaps, in camps in the azure blue,  
The old Flag floats in the morning wind,  
While we all touch elbows and answer, "Here,"  
And know no comrade is left behind.



BUGLER JOE.

---

We were seated around the fire one night  
In the autumn of 'sixty-four,  
And each told a tale of his army life  
In the days and times of yore :  
"Come, Bill," said Pevear of the 23d,  
To a gray-haired cannoneer,  
"You've seen hard sights since you joined the ranks,  
This many a long-gone year."

There were Service Stripes on the old vet's sleeves  
And a sabre scar on his cheek,  
While the group scarce breathed as they waited still  
To hear their comrade speak :  
Bill cleared his throat, "I fought with Scott  
On the plains of Mexico,  
With Magruder trailed the fierce Comanche  
And messed with Bugler Joe.

"This Bugler Joe, now I mind me well,  
Had an eye soft as a girl's,  
While upon his head the golden hair  
Was thick in crispy curls :  
'Twas a welcome sound, his bugle notes,  
As they pealed forth loud and clear,  
And it woke the lads from many a dream  
Of home, and loved ones dear.

“Well, years sped on and a strange, dark cloud  
Came sweeping o’er the land ;  
Magruder turned his face toward the South  
While Ricketts tried his hand  
At our Battery’s head, and led us on  
Where the conflict rose and fell,  
Till we lost our guns, and Ricketts pined  
In a Southern prison cell.

“Well, we got new guns and recruited up,  
Took another hand in the game,  
While Old Bill Gallup and Bugler Joe  
Were messmates still the same :  
Up high o’er din of the cannon’s roar  
And ring of clashing steel,  
That cheered our hearts on many a field,  
Rang his merry bugle’s peal.

“So we fought, and marched, o’er hill and plain,  
Till at last South Mountain came,  
And our Battery melted like morning dew  
Before that sea of flame :  
I spiked my gun, and left the field  
As fast as my mare could flee,  
When I spied Joe’s horse cut clean in two  
And his legs gone at the knee.

“They had propped him up ’gainst a mountain pine,  
But the hand of Death was nigh ;  
You could see it plain in his ashen face  
And in his glazing eye :

But his voice rose clear as in bygone days,  
O'er shriek of shell and ball,  
'Let us Rally around the Flag once more,  
My comrades, one and all.'

"Then his head fell down as the life blood flowed,  
But he rose up once again,  
'Rally around—' but his soul had fled,  
While angels caught the refrain  
As it swept along on the heated air  
Borne on the battle's tide;  
While I dropped a tear for Bugler Joe  
Who messed years by my side.

"Sometimes in the night on my lonely beat  
I see him smiling stand,  
While I hear the sound of his welcome voice  
And feel the touch of his hand":  
"What is the matter, Bill? brace up, old boy!"  
They cried in wild affright,  
As he tossed his arms with a gasping cry  
And gazed with weird, strange sight

Toward the gentle moon, while her golden rays  
Wove a halo round his head;  
"Boys! there he stands, with his bugle bright,"  
Then our cannoneer vet. lay dead:  
They gathered around, but his soul had gone  
Where no war waves ebb and flow,  
And they'll mess again in a sunnier clime—  
Bill Gallup, and Bugler Joe.

1863-1890.

---

BAKER'S CALIFORNIA BRIGADE AND PICK-  
ETT'S MEN.

---

Two strangers I never had met before  
Came into my home to-day ;  
One wore the old, faded army Blue,  
The other was dressed in the Gray :  
They touched their hats with courteous grace,  
And their bearing was fair to see ;  
I bade them welcome, then asked with smiles  
What brought them both to me.

“Comrade,” one said, “On a bright day like this,  
Just twenty-eight years ago,  
Was the turning point in our country’s weal,  
As you doubtless very well know :  
Long years since gone, my friend and I  
Were mates at the same country school,—  
Our dear mothers’ pride, our kind fathers’ joy  
With homes where sweet Love was the rule.

“We grew up in time to man’s high estate,  
Then our barks sailed a different sea ;  
He chose the warm South with its fragrance and  
blooms,  
While a farm at the North suited me :

But there soon came a time when the future looked  
dark,  
While the flag that our forefathers gave  
Was torn from its place, on Fort Sumter's walls,  
And men were wanted the Union to save.

"So I marched in the Old California Brigade  
With grand Baker at its head;  
No need for me to show you Ball's Bluff,  
Where his white-haired form fell dead:  
But my friend here traveled another road;  
He robed his lithe form in the Gray,  
In a Southern land, 'neath the Stars and Bars,  
Where Pickett led the way.

"So we once met on a day like this,  
At Gettysburg's storied height,  
The Blue and the Gray at the old Stone Wall;  
O, wild and fierce raged the fight:  
But o'er the field, thick strewn with our mates,  
The Old Flag floated free;  
He left a leg, for the cause he loved,  
While an arm was what it cost me.

"The past is past, and flowers have bloomed,  
The winters have come and gone,  
And on the field where war's fierce blast  
Swept our mates all dead and torn  
Is a nation's pride, where those we loved  
Sleep 'neath the sun and the dew,  
While over their graves and monuments grand  
Floats the flag with its red, white, and blue.

“Once more we boys met at the Old Stone Wall,  
We, Baker’s, and Pickett’s old men;  
I tell you, my comrade, the tears down our cheeks  
Chased each other like thick drops of rain:  
For the world never read on History’s page  
Of such sight as we witnessed that day,—  
The white dove of Peace resting over gray heads  
And clasped hands of the Blue and the Gray.

“Why, the air seemed alive with strange shadow forms,  
Reaching far, far away o’er the plain;  
There were faces I loved, who marched by my side,  
But I saw them go down with the slain  
In that wild, stormy time when the whistling shot  
Strewed that field with our mates torn and dead,  
But here they all come, marching straight down the  
line,  
With both Baker and Pickett ahead.

“Well, they called us beyond, we schoolboys of yore;  
But this fair sunny day of July,  
We thought we’d report two events in our lives  
Ere we passed to Camp Grounds of the Sky:  
When Death’s Sergeant calls you to meet us once  
more  
Though your hair may be white and eye dim,  
We’ll be waiting right here on banks of the stream  
With Old Glory, to welcome you in.”

# Songs of Forest and Prairie.

---

KATE MONTOUR.

---

Strange threads are wove in human lives ;  
    We cannot tell from whence they started,  
Yet a hand welds link by link the chain  
    Until they join where they were parted :  
So I thought to-day on the Empire State  
    When we sped up the lovely Mohawk River,  
Where a few years since a white queen reigned  
    O'er the dusky chiefs who bore bow and quiver.

There were grievous wrongs done on Britain's isle,  
    And it changed the life among the daughters  
Of a noble race, led one soul to seek  
    A far different course across the waters ;  
So she sought in New York's beauteous wilds  
    'Mongst Nature's children for some token  
Sweet Peace to woo to her troubled soul  
    And mend the link man's hand had broken.

Fair to the eye, with a firm, proud will,  
    Eyes and hair black as the raven's sable,  
She became wife of a famed war chief,  
    Sat in their councils, ruled them able :

A daughter came ; in her strange, dark eyes  
Was a startled look, wild, strange, forsaken,  
And red men noting that haunting gaze  
Named her Startled Fawn, of the Mohawk nation.

Tall, lithe, and fleet was the Startled Fawn ;  
Like a bird her white canoe went dancing  
O'er the Hudson's distant, winding course,  
And the Mohawk's sunlit shallows glancing :  
Brown Moose loved this agile Indian maid ;  
But an English earl spied this forest flower ;  
Of a selfish heart, moved by cruel lust,  
He planned to get her in his power.

So he went one day when her sire was gone,  
Thinking with rum and gold to barter  
With red men for the Startled Fawn,  
And thereby win the old chief's daughter :  
Kate Montour gazed in his handsome face,  
The same bold eyes and stealthy motion  
Of one who made her life a wreck  
In far off lands across the ocean.

"Give my singing bird to your lustful care !  
Go, cruel son of a heartless father,  
Take your gold and rum ; my Startled Fawn  
Shall never mate with a foul deceiver."  
Then this English earl turned on his heel  
And strode out where his boat was lying,  
Grasped a rifle, took a hurried aim,  
And the Startled Fawn lay bleeding, dying.



Then the White Queen's sun sank in the west,  
And out where the dancing waters quiver,  
Side by side they lie, in the Mohawk Vale  
And beside the singing Mohawk River:  
A legend? is the way you question me;  
No, a tale in Nature's album written.  
Kate Montour's life, and the Startled Fawn's  
In this hurrying age are well nigh forgotten.

RED PLUME.  

---

We three started out at dawning of day  
To fish for the trout where Watatic Brook flows  
Through wild rocky pastures, green shaded dells,  
Till it reaches at last where the Nashua shows :  
We went to the top of old Watatic Mount  
And followed the brook through forest and glade,  
Till it reached a beech grove where the water falls  
down  
Some twenty odd feet, o'er steep rocks, in the shade.

I was struck with its beauty and halted to rest,  
Sat down on a rock, dropped my line in the stream,  
When a strange, sleepy drowsiness closed down my  
eyes  
And I sat there like one in a midsummer's dream :  
Down close by the pool stood a lithe Indian maid  
Robed in garments of deerskin; her long midnight  
hair  
Was crowned with three eagle plumes dyed a deep red,  
That made a bright picture as she lingered there.

"My white brother rests, let him open his ears ;  
Here Red Plume passed on to realms of the blest,  
I was picking wild flowers here close by this brook  
When a panther sprang at me from up where you  
rest :

I screamed, but our braves were away on a hunt,  
And only two squaws and an old Chief were nigh;  
They came to my rescue, and killed the wild beast,  
Then laid me all wounded by that pool to die.

“I was eighteen when moon of the Falling Leaves  
came;

My sire was Chief Bear of the Souhegan tribe;  
My dam, Silver Star; I was their only child,  
The light of their wigwam, their comfort and pride:  
But the Death Angel came, and their lodge was for-  
lorn,

So when whip-poor-will's song echoed down  
through this glen,  
I came to bring flowers to those two saddened hearts  
And bid them look upward till we meet again.

“So Red Plume brings sunbeams to gladden your  
heart,

And flowers whose breath is sweet as the dawn;  
I have told you the way that my feet trod the trail  
Through the valley of Death when my spirit was  
borne

To the realm of the soul, where no sorrow is  
known”—

This was what came to me in that beautiful dell,  
Through the lips of Red Plume, a fair Indian maid,  
Where Watatic Brook some twenty feet fell.

ON THE BORDER.

---

Something about the bygone days,  
Ere the railways came, when this was border,  
When we pioneers each carried guns,  
And arrows whizzed,—might be in order:  
Times ain't now as they used ter be  
When I lived west from Kansas City,  
On the wagon trail to old Santa Fe,  
There was our home, and more's the pity.

Old Fort Independence wasn't far,  
Where the Blackfeet Sioux came for their rations,  
And I 'spose our ranch was on Indian lands  
And belonged by right to Indian nations:  
But that didn't count with us, you see,  
River bottom lands were fine for grazing,  
And the quickest way we'd a fortune make  
Was to stock, and go to cattle raising.

Well, I settled there and had good luck,  
Leastwise my herds increased in number,  
But that didn't hinder Red Cloud's Sioux  
From rating my steers as public plunder;  
So they shot the cream from out my herds:  
That, you see, went 'gainst a rancher's natur,  
And I thought perhaps we'd teach those Sioux  
Ter read a white man's law book straighter.

So I hustled round among the boys,  
Told my story, how the red men's thieving  
Had culled the best stock from my herds,  
Only the old and yearlings leaving:  
We fought them one day and two nights,  
By that time most our boys were dying;  
They burned my ranch, stampeded stock,  
Took wife and daughter, far North flying.

Stranger, I felt bad, then something said  
Stern Justice stood first in the order  
Of God's laws; man must not transgress  
What God had said, even on the border:  
"Whose lands are these?" Old Red Cloud asked,  
When I sought the Fort for ranch protection.  
"Let white man go toward the rising sun;  
His home lies far in that direction.

"You killed our buffalo and deer,  
You stole our prairies, dammed our rivers,  
You gave us Rum; my young men then  
Brought no game home, but empty quivers:  
Go, a Sioux Chief asks not for his own!  
An eagle's flight west from this river,  
Manitou gave his red men land  
To hunt, and roam, their own forever."

Well, I hung around till Fall; one day  
Came Little Crow, a message-bearer,  
Behind him rode two squaws astride,  
And as they came a trifle nearer

I just knelt down, down there and prayed  
That these old eyes were not mistaken.—  
There was my Susie, and my Belle,  
That months ago those Sioux had taken.

So, stranger, I am happier now;  
Here, where we live, I paid Big Thunder  
In good, hard gold for all this land;  
No Sioux comes here my stock to plunder:  
The red man at our table sits;  
I need no better guard or warder  
Than these same red men friends of mine,  
Since I learned Justice on the border.

BEYOND THE DIVIDE.  

---

Shake, pard, it's months since last we two met,  
Out beyond the Tucson divide,  
And many a fine chap has passed in his checks  
Who messed with, and slept by our side :  
They crossed the wide creek that the new gospel sharp  
Told about, up here one fine day ;  
But if they went up, or went down, on the stream,  
He wasn't just ready to say.

Let's smile, old pard ; Here's luck to the dead  
Who died in their boots, just the same,  
Never held up a stage, or played a cold deck,  
Or worked Hungry Joe's little game :  
They played out their hand with honest, straight cards  
And never a whimper or moan  
Was heard when Death trumped Life's only, last hand,  
And they had to go it alone.

There's another queer thing happened up at the Bar ;  
You remember that Cinnamon Jim,  
That chap from the States, that had such red hair,—  
Well, the cholera straightened out him :  
A woman came here and hung out her sign,  
And, Bill, she just brings up the dead ;  
It's the straightest square game I ever saw played ;  
How she knew what Jim an' me said

Is a puzzle ter me, but she held a full hand,  
And played it both honest an' straight;  
She told things we did when pardners down here,  
What we talked about, me an' my mate:  
He said more'n that; the dirt he had panned  
Over there, just beyond Death's divide,  
With the dips, spurs an' angles was richer by far  
Than any he'd seen on this side.

Well, Bill, it's a corker, an' when you an' me  
Just folds up our nice little tent,  
Packs up our old kit, an' takes the long tramp  
To reach better diggings intent,  
Who knows but our pards who worked, froze, and  
starved,  
Who messed with, an' slept by our side,  
Come back to assist, an' help Life's great game  
From across what they call Death's divide?



## ONEONTA :

A TALE OF WYOMING VALLEY.  

---

Where the laughing Susquehanna  
Gilds the valley of Wyoming,  
Mirrors tree, and rock, and mountain,  
    On its blue and dancing crest,  
Dwelt a fair young Indian maiden,  
In the wigwam of Mandomin,  
Where the lofty Alleghanies  
    Lift their storm-tossed, rugged crest.

Young, and lithe was Oneonta,  
Like the red deer of the forest,  
And the canoe which her lover  
    Fashioned, graceful, light and strong,  
Left a wake of shining bubbles,  
While the green shades of the forest  
Echoed with her happy laughter,  
    Ringing, singing, all day long.

Many chiefs sought Oneonta,  
Brought their skins, and strings of wampum  
To the wigwam of Mandomin,  
    But her heart was firm and true :  
"I can love but one, my father,  
He the brave young chieftain, Uncas,  
His the lodge I enter, father,  
    When I bid farewell to you."

One who sought Mandomin's daughter,  
Was the Black Wolf, of the Mohawks ;  
Like the wolf which was his totem,  
    He ne'er sought a noble part :  
So, when Uncas trailed a red deer  
O'er the heights of Lackawanna,  
Swift the bow of Black Wolf's making  
    Sent an arrow through his heart.

Many days did Oneonta  
Wait and listen for her lover,  
Till there came the Mohawk chieftain  
    Bearing Uncas' spear and bow :  
"Let the daughter of Mandomin  
Come and grace the lodge of Black Wolf,  
For the body of Chief Uncas  
    Sleeps beneath the falling snow."

"When the dove mates with the raven  
I will join the Mohawk nation ;  
Till then be the mate of Uncas  
    Where he waits across the stream—  
Stream of Death where souls are carried  
In canoe built by Manitou ;  
He will wait and guide my footsteps  
    When I wake, and when I dream."

Years have passed since Oneonta  
Trod the long trail toward the sunrise ;  
Youth and maidens of Wyoming  
    See at night a canoe glide :

Like the mist before the morning,  
Oneonta and her lover,  
Toward the Soul-Land, sailing onward  
O'er the river's dancing tide.

SUNFLOWER.

---

You want to buy that mare, Sunflower,  
And you lay down four pieces of gold!  
Why, my friend, if you made it a hundred  
Let me tell you that mare won't be sold:  
Sell that Sunflower now, old, blind and feeble,  
Turn her out like an outcast to roam?  
Why, she saved my life twice in a fortnight,  
And she always will share my old home.

Not much of a home is it, Sunflower?  
Hear that whinner? she knows her own name;  
What you folks call a prairie dugout  
But its home for us two, just the same:  
Remember that summer in 'sixty,—  
All the prairie as dry as a chip?  
Well, I had to ride over to Dallas,  
And I reckon we had quite a trip.

You see old Cochise was a-scouting  
With his red-handed Apache band,  
This side of the Trinity River,  
And we spied their wide trail in the sand:  
So I said to that mare—that 'er Sunflower,  
We'd better get out of this soon,  
There's a wide bit of prairie to cover  
'Twixt now and rise of the moon.

That 'er mare,—why, she scented the redskins,  
And she just buckled down to her work ;  
'Twixt the dark, the heat, and Apaches  
I hadn't much leisure to talk :  
They spied us, lit the grass on the prairie,—  
She knew what that meant well as I,  
So I headed Sunflower for the river,  
And I knew we must make it or die.

Like a blizzard it swept on behind us  
And my clothes were already in flame,  
While Sunflower was panting and blistered,  
And the fire burned her foretop and mane :  
We plunged down the bank of the river,  
Not much time, I reckon, to spare,  
For when we sank under the water  
The fire had singed all of my hair.

Well, she carried me through—did this Sunflower—  
Though she lost both her mane and her sight ;  
See these scars? well I reckon they'll know us  
By the marks of the 'Paches that night :  
So the mare an' me'll hang together  
Till Gabe blows the round-up of death ;  
And, stranger, there's no use a-talking,  
You can save both your shiners and breath.

WECONOTAH.

---

Something about New England, please?

Well, there's scenes on mountain, lake, and river,  
Where a poet's pen with a supple hand  
Can weave bright wreaths to last forever :  
In the Hoosac Valley, every mile  
Is rich with histories clearly written,  
On Greylock's rugged rocks and sides,  
And Hoosac's face, not soon forgotten.

There's the Marble Bridge, on Hudson Brook  
At Clarksburg, famed for wondrous beauty,  
And Notch Brook falls some thirty feet,  
Then through Adams flows, still doing duty :  
Clear as crystal its cold waters are,  
And here at eve come youth and maiden  
To drink, for my story says Success  
Is deeply with those waters laden.

I stood, one day, on the Hoosac crest,  
When a mist came slowly round me stealing ;  
From its midst stepped a graceful Indian maid,  
A beauteous face and form revealing :  
She pointed down the Hoosac Vale,  
"There was my home, and here my lover  
Used to hunt the bear and deer ; we met  
At the Falls, where White Rock arches over.

“And we talked of the time in the Strawberry moon,  
While the whip-poor-will his song was saying,  
When in our lodge, White Cloud and I  
Should mate, while these waters kept on playing :  
But my father planned for a different home  
With a Stockbridge Chief, named Running Water,  
And he vowed that White Cloud should not mate  
With Singing Bird, his only daughter.

“Well, White Cloud went, in the Moon of Leaves,  
To hunt where the bear and panther waiting,  
Crouching, looked for deer and the smaller game,  
And in that way their fierce hunger sating :  
But he ne'er returned, though his spirit oft  
Walked with me near that sparkling water ;  
In my lonely hours, and midnight dreams  
He sought to cheer the old Chief's daughter.

“One eve I lounged near those Laughing Falls,  
When my foot slipped, I plunged downward over  
The brink ; then the Indian maidens said  
The Singing Bird went to meet her lover :  
Grey Eagle mourned, and mother wept,  
The Falls were shunned, and long forsaken ;  
For red men said that my spirit mourned  
Round the place where my young life was taken.

“But he bore me away to a home Love made  
In the Hunting Grounds of Soul, where ever  
We bask in the light of Manitou's smile  
And sail in peace on His shining river.”

So you see these spots have histories traced  
On tree and rock ; you call this dreaming :  
Not so, kind friends, I read what's plain,  
While you have the mirage, only seeming.



# Songs of the Orient.

---

## INDIA.

---

India, queen mother, round thee loving twine  
The arms of thy dear children, scattered far and wide,  
Persia and Egypt, Greece, Rome, sunny France ;  
While o'er the broad Atlantic, like a waiting bride,  
Columbia greets thee, youngest of them all :  
Yet well the lessons learned, which thou didst well impart ;  
With open arms she greets Earth's wandering kin  
And, cheering each, clasps them to her heart.

Among thy snow-capped mountains, temples full of light,  
Along thy Ganges sweeping toward the sea,  
Beneath thy groves, what centuries of thought  
Point with their golden fingers, India, old, to thee :  
Deep versed in the weird duties of the human soul,  
Thy sages smile at puny boasts of us beyond the sea ;  
They learn Life's lesson well, summon at their will  
Those we term dead, who are unfettered, free.

---

Where was thy natal place? when wast thou born?  
 Who launched thy wondrous life upon the tide?  
 Whose loving hands and patient heart cared for thy  
 feet,

From childhood days till thou became a bride?  
 I ask the Brahmin, Buddhist, scan the Veda's scroll,  
 In Elephanta's cave with a wise sage I pore;  
 Still sweeps the Indus to the pearl-decked Arab Sea,  
 Still dash the waves upon thy golden shore.

Rich art thou, wondrous land, in gifts we cannot ken!  
 Long ages gone the wise from far-off sunny climes  
 Journeyed by sea and land, to study well thy lore,  
 To learn what Buddha taught: if in those earlier  
 times

When Egypt was an infant, Hellas not yet born,  
 What magic hand traced on the arching skies  
 Thy wondrous future? if from some fair sister world  
 They borrowed wisdom's garb to ope our sleeping  
 eyes?

Once more we thank thee, India, Fountain Head  
 From whence flow streams of living light, divine,  
 That through long ages cheered the students on  
 And made a rift through which the light might  
 shine:

Queen Mother of our world, on Life's great throbbing  
 sea

Vast currents sweep from thy rich, storied land,  
 Currents of Thought and Wisdom, that receptive souls  
 Have studied close, what thou hast sown with open  
 hand.

Thy gentle children teach the laws of highest love,  
That only through Love's teaching can the soul of  
man

Sweep human woe aside, lift sad hearts toward the  
light,

Leave War behind, place Peace far in the van:  
So in our earnest hours, while pondering deep and  
long

O'er what we know, far o'er the deep blue sea,  
We find our records and the faiths we prize so dear  
Are borrowed, each and all, Queen Mother, fair,  
from thee.

RESURREXI.

---

I stand on a hill at midnight  
And gaze on the glistening sea,  
While the treasured dreams of a long-gone past  
Come wafted across to me:  
Bright Hellas, rich with her temples grand,  
Her sages and maidens fair,  
Speed back from death o'er the rainbow bridge  
On the fragrant evening air.

O tell me, ye souls from realms of light,  
Where ye passed in the long ago,  
Must the land that we loved in the days ago  
Be forever crushed with woe?  
Will not the Gods from heights sublime  
Return from that brighter shore,  
To lift our fair land from Chaos' dark realm—  
Reunite our lost people once more?

They had journeyed wide, with wind and tide,  
To learn of the laws divine;  
Fair Persia had opened her gates of gold,  
To her innermost, holiest shrine:  
Across the desert, old Egypt grand  
Had welcomed the searchers true,  
Where the wondrous Nile swept on in its pride  
Till it merged in the ocean blue.

A sound like the rippling music  
That at sunrise round Memnon crept,  
A breath of sweet scented violets,  
And a vision before me swept :  
O'er hill and dale, and Isles of the Sea  
There sped a countless throng,  
And again o'er the land of their earlier love  
Swept the poet's sweetest song.

Once more 'neath Athens' bright hued skies  
The sculptor's chisel keen,  
Had wrought from marble and many-hued stones ;  
Such wonderful forms, I ween,  
Were never viewed in the days of yore,  
While on breast of the Aegean Sea  
The ships of nations from far-away climes  
Bring their gems, Hellas dear, to thee.

O classic land of the centuries past,  
Scarce a child of the great To Be,  
A loving Hand hath marked thy course  
On the scroll of Destiny :  
Where are now seen only the ruins grand  
Of a people tried and true,  
Shall rise from the ashes of former days  
A land 'neath the arching blue,

Free, as winds from Isles of the Blest,  
That have trimmed their sails once more,  
As it speeds them back o'er waves of light  
To their sunny home of yore :

Great Oversoul, thy wonderful hand  
Shall yet set Hellas free,  
And out on the sunlit, fragrant air  
Rise our songs, sweet land, to thee.

EGYPT.

---

All hail our sister! locked within thy storehouse vast  
Are records of the nations risen, past and gone,  
Across thy Lybian Desert, sifting grains of sand  
Weave requiems from the heated eve till golden  
morn:

On past thy temples, 'yond thy mosques of gold  
Sweeps the vast Nile, in all its pomp and pride,  
The same as when, years gone, fair Cleopatra's barge,  
To meet her lover, floated on thy dark green tide.

Where have thy children vanished—those who builded  
well?

Whose work down through long ages towers firm  
and strong?

Has some fair wind from far-off shining sister worlds  
Filled out thy sails and swept thy bark along  
To grander scenes than these, where 'neath thy shel-  
tering wings,

Thy radiant brood shall gather close to thee once  
more,

And with thy guiding care, their cunning, patient  
hands

Shall build more beauteous temples still, upon a  
fairer shore?

Egypt, weird Egypt, land of light and wondrous art,  
Still lolls the gold-faced lotus on fair Nilus' crest!  
Across the seas there come to study at thy shrines  
The patient students, from the distant, glowing  
West:  
They delve within thy ruins, striving to translate  
Thy weird inscriptions, traced on stone and tablet  
grand;  
They seek to know thy aspirations, if night's dark  
shroud  
Shall rest forever o'er thy beauteous, sunny land.

Egypt, their day's work done, thy beauteous children  
sleep.  
Cairo and Memphis, Thebes, and Alexandria fair,  
The incense of their lives speeds upward far in space  
And paints pictures on the sky, above thy desert air:  
We weep, that flowers so bright should fade and pass  
away,  
Thy summit reached, and capped with Wisdom's  
bloom,  
That gems wrought in thy marble, poems in thy  
stones,  
Must find a resting place within thy desert's gloom.

Still, as the seasons come and go, so comes the laden  
Nile;  
Her flood sweeps down to nourish Egypt's breast,  
And waves of wealth from Afric's throbbing heart  
Bring joy to waiting children on each heaving crest:



Sage, wise in occult lore, priest, king, and matron fair,  
Have each helped win thy glory, mould thy wondrous crown ;  
We, children of a newer race, most willing help  
To deck thy golden coronet, the jewels all thy own.

## CLYTIE,

CHANGED INTO A SUNFLOWER.

---

A dream of the golden past time  
And a wave of its warm soft light,  
Weaves a wreath around her tresses,  
Wraps her form in a garment bright :  
Away with the burdens of earth-life,  
Its doubt, its sorrow, its care,  
For the light that sweeps in on this summer eve  
Sheds its radiance everywhere.

A wonderful legend it bears along  
From the fair Hellenic shore,  
Doomed for Love divine to bend her fair face  
Toward the sun's rays evermore :  
While down through the dim arched vistas,  
And around us wherever we move,  
On every side, and in every clime  
Stands this record of woman's love.

An exquisite painting, truly,  
A picture, it seems to me,  
Unequaled by aught from the limner's hand  
Of mount, or stream, or sea :

A crown of gold with its face to the sun,  
On a tall and slender stalk,  
She stands like a sentry guarding our home  
Each side of the garden walk.

Good cheer, my beautiful sister,  
Welcome into our home to rest,  
Let the golden East with its treasured lore  
Be the guest of its sister West:  
Let the flute and lyre, from the Hellas homes  
In accord with our music be,  
And the twain swell out, in melodious chords  
Like a rhythm from the deep blue sea.

So our doors are oped with a welcome kind,  
And my soul beats high and free,  
For the mates I loved in long years gone—  
Sappho, Corrinna, and sunny Clytie:  
A dream if you will, with a golden glow  
Undimmed by gloom or shade,  
But a beautiful tale told by Grecian lips  
Of a beautiful Grecian maid.

# Songs of the Occult.

---

## WHO KNOWS?

Sitting in my chair at midnight  
While the busy world is sleeping,  
Swift there comes athwart my vision  
    From the far-off realms of blue,  
A strange picture of the past time  
Fringed with many joys and sorrows,  
Of the hopes and aspirations  
    Of a race we never knew.

Far beyond the Alleghanies,  
'Yond the valleys of Kentucky,  
Where the mighty Mississippi  
    Sweeps along in conscious pride,  
Past the Llano Estacado  
To the land of many flowers,  
Sweep our thoughts on like a river  
    With a swift and noiseless stride.

Now we stand beneath the forests,  
Shut out from the golden sunshine,  
While the voices strange of tropic life  
    Greet our ear on every side,

Birds of brilliant hue and feather,  
 Some alone or grouped together,  
 And their wild, sweet thrilling music  
     Echoes 'neath the arches wide.

Halt! What means this sculptured marble  
 Overthrown by spreading tree roots,  
 Wrapped about in solemn silence  
     Near the Copan's rushing tide?  
 Where are now the hands that labored?  
 Where are now the race that builded  
 This bright, wondrous marble temple  
     By the singing river's side?

Let us still turn other pages,  
 In this beauteous tropic country,  
 Let us search amid her mountains,  
     And her valleys, and her plains,  
 In the graves of lone Cholula,  
 On the crumbling walls of Uxmal,  
 Only now the splendid ruins  
     Of that once great race remains.

Came they from the lost Atlantis?  
 From the sunny land of Egypt?  
 Or where Himalayan snows are wafted  
     By the Ganges to the sea?  
 From the palm shades of Judea?  
 From the steppes, and plains of Persia?  
 Tell us, tell, ye teachers, sages,  
     Pupils of the ancient Re.

Still along the rhythm of ages  
Floats the weird and mystic music,  
Like the shooting star at midnight  
    In a clear and cloudless sky;  
Can you tell me whence it started?  
Can you tell me where it goeth,  
As it speeds in wondrous grandeur  
    In its journey up on high?

So it seems no sage or teacher  
Can explain the strange, weird lesson,  
Taught by the Master workman  
    In His wonder-room, elate.  
We must study with all patience  
Through the ages gone, and coming,  
Would we learn the hidden history  
    Of these ruins, grand and great.

For the wondrous pen of Nature  
Writes her records on the forest,  
On the stones, the trees, the mountains,  
    That are found on every side;  
In the star-gleam, in the ocean,  
On the sunny heart of Childhood,  
In the love with which the angels  
    Guide our barks across the tide.

## FACES IN THE AIR.

'Tis an April day, and the South wind sings  
Weird songs as it sweeps o'er hill and lea,  
Songs sweet with the breath of orange groves  
Bringing peace, and rest, like a balm to me:  
I turn my eyes toward the azure blue  
And I question, Are our loved ones there?  
Can I feel their hands, can I touch their forms,  
Can I see their faces in the air?

You say I dream; that our earthly eyes  
Are prone in dreamland long to dwell;  
Let me ask you, proud of your worldly lore,  
Where dreamland lies, will you deign to tell?  
When our earthly forms lie calm in sleep,  
Where is the soul, does it linger there  
Or freed for awhile does it roam at will  
In realms of soul-land everywhere?

You paint but half of your picture, friend,  
But half your lesson has been said;  
Is the form of clay all that you prize?  
Can it reason, love, have you ever read  
When the casket lies, and the pearl is gone,  
It shall return like buds in Spring?  
Have we no balm for our lonely hours,  
Have you no comfort you can bring?

We are taught that soul is of finer cult,  
 And comes from a source beyond our ken,  
 That it acts, and loves, and roams at will,  
 Independent of time, space, or laws of men :  
 A wondrous something we cannot chain,  
 Like the gold that men so highly prize,  
 Is it strange that seeking what I love most  
 I should look for faces in the skies?

Through all realms of earth, in every land  
 Man forgets the source from whence he sprung ;  
 Give us gold, bright gold, is his constant cry  
 In every zone, and on every tongue :  
 Let us pause awhile 'neath Wisdom's dome,  
 Let us view these facts with kindly eyes ;  
 Should we dwarf our souls by greed for gold,  
 Can we hope to progress, and to rise?

Painting, Music, Sculpture in our reach,  
 History plants her banner in the van,  
 The Electric World waits but his call,  
 True Wisdom makes a grander man :  
 Gross Metals cling to our mundane sphere,  
 Knowledge is a friend we can ever use ;  
 Ere you pass to the land of souls, two paths  
 Invite your feet, which will you choose?

I dream it wise to feed my soul  
 And place it high in realm of Love ;  
 Weave buds of Hope in a snowy wreath,  
 To bloom, when in fairer realms we rove :



Then halt a moment, ere you speak,  
Your eyes may miss the picture there,  
Souls that we loved when in earthly form—  
I can see their faces in the air.

## WAVES OF LIGHT.

We meet here to-day with clasp of the hand,  
Old friends, of the ripened years gone,  
While the deepening lines and whitening heads  
Write their tale as the long days speed on :  
There is many a gap, and many a bark  
Hath been launched on an unknown sea,—  
Has the pilot Death their true reckoning kept,  
And what tidings bringeth he?

I scan the bright waves as they far onward roll  
And break on the crest of the sea ;  
Know they aught of the vessels far 'yond our sight  
And what their near future may be?  
What say you, Old Neptune ; grim king of the deep?  
Methinks your long record should show,  
If the souls that we love are still in your care,—  
Do they linger, while tides ebb and flow.

Round the ports that they loved, in years past and  
gone,  
Ride at anchor with each sail unfurled,—  
Wait till our hands help spread the white sheets  
Ere they steer for another bright world?

I look far away; still the surges sweep on,  
 Deep hiding their secrets from me,  
 And souls passed from sight, no record have left  
 On the blue rolling waves of the sea.

Pray, where shall we turn? a kind, loving hand  
 Guides our eyes to the wave lines of light,  
 Where friends rocked to sleep on ocean's blue breast,  
 Like stars in the deep, silent night,  
 Greet our sad, patient hearts, with kind, loving smiles,  
 And we learn as the long years have sped,  
 That on wave lines of light, each bright, sunny morn,  
 Come loved ones that we mourned as dead.

Where started these waves; how long have they  
 throbbed?

What hand gauged the length of their roll?  
 Do they angry, like sea waves grow, with the storm?  
 Or, touched by the great Oversoul,  
 Are their crests crowned with Peace, as they onward  
 sweep,

From our sister worlds far in the blue?  
 Can the angel barks glide on their silvery tide  
 Bearing flowers, decked with Heavenly dew?

They may banish the gloom that too often will creep  
 Round our hearts, be we ever so brave,  
 And, breasting Life's storm, strive as hard as we may  
 To stem each deep, strong mountain wave:  
 For the Book you have opened, unstudied by us,  
 Hath new currents to our wondering eyes;  
 The highways of ocean our barks have long sailed,  
 But we're strangers to those of the skies.

So it seems there's a sea, rolling leagues upon leagues,  
Deep and wide as a fond parent's love,  
By our side, o'er our heads, on right hand and left,  
While from its blue heights up above  
Float ripples of song, instead of salt spray,  
And o'er its soft surface so fair  
Sail our loved of the past, in their flower-garlan'd  
barks  
On the weird sunlit waves of the air.

So, let waves of the sea sweep along as they may,  
They are never so wide nor so deep  
That the souls we love, though clasped in their arms,  
May on for Eternity sleep:  
What a lesson for all, this bright, sunny day,  
As each wonderful page we unroll,  
And on its fair surface in air waves of light  
We trace the on course of the soul.

## GREETED BY THE DEAD.

We cannot always tell who walketh by our side,  
Their feet-tread all too light for our dull, earthly  
ears;  
Freed souls, drawn to us by weird, mystic ties,  
Attend our footsteps through the ever-changing  
years:  
This April morn, seeming alone I stood, and turned  
Back History's storied page, on crest of Bunker  
Hill,  
Scanned the tall shaft, where Warren fell, Prescott's  
heroic form,  
The sparkling Mystic flowing on so calm and still.

About me came the forms you cannot see,  
Grasped hands, touched elbows, pointed here and  
there,  
Where each had fought for Freedom and for home,  
And sent the British lion howling to his lair:  
'Tis strange these Continentals of the past and gone  
Should come to me, who fought for freedom of the  
slave;  
A hundred years have vanished since these yeomen  
strong  
Left home and loved ones, War's hard fate to brave.

Still, like a cloud they cluster round me, those  
Dressed like our Prescott there, while ranks of  
army blue  
Stood 'mid the Continentals, greeted me with smiles;  
Within their ranks were faces that I knew:  
All gave me pleasant greeting; none were lame or  
sick;  
None had an empty sleeve, none sightless eyes;  
None showed sad prison treatment,—methinks sol-  
diers fare  
Far better; all ways in camps of the skies.

A ramble not to be forgotten was this April morn's;  
I little dreamed, while toiling on with weary feet  
To reach the heights where my ancestors fought,  
That I so many comrades of the old and new should  
meet:  
Grim War has passed; Peace floats her snow-white  
flag;  
Soon 'yond the river each may rest his weary head;  
The Old Flag floats from Maine to Western seas;—  
A few years ere all shall be greeted by the dead.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I sit and dream, on this Summer's eve,  
On a tale told me of the long gone past,  
Of a stately home on the river's bank,  
And a beauteous maid, whose lot was cast  
With his, the owner of these broad lands,  
An English squire, with an ancient name,  
Who won her heart in an idle hour,  
Then crushed two lives to hide his shame.

They say, these yeomen whose homes are nigh,  
That shrieks rang out on the midnight air,  
And they searched with lanterns far and near;  
But gloom, and darkness hovered there,  
Round that stately homestead on the hill;  
That gate and door were fastened strong,  
But that ever after, upon the stairs,  
You could hear blood dropping the whole night  
long.

The years sped on, and 'neath Britain's skies  
The Squire's soul passed to the other shore,  
And the home was still, except for the sound  
Of the drop, drop, drop, on the stairway floor:  
They say the dead whose life was quenched  
By hate, or wrong, or greed for gain,  
Can clothe their forms in robes at will  
And visit the scenes of the past again.

If so, who knows but this much-wronged maid  
    (Though years have fled since this happened there)  
Can come from soul-land with her babe,  
    Like a fleeting breath on the midnight air ;  
And who knows but souls are in bondage held  
    By some iron will, or some mystic power,—  
And she stayed near the place where life went out  
    For long, long years, at the midnight hour.

A strange, weird tale, and you marvel much  
    That my pen should linger in gloom, and still  
There's a charm for me, in this long past tale,  
    And this old haunted manor-house on the hill :  
Perhaps, in that land where soul meets soul,  
    Unswayed by fear of the world's weak speech,  
The maid, though duped and wronged by him,  
    (The Squire) Humility's lesson may teach.



## THE WITCH OF NIAGARA FALLS.

She was a Mystic, leastwise so the people said ;  
 Dealt with the occult, analyzed your dreams,  
 Read of your future from a pack of cards,  
 Saw pictures in the rills and laughing streams :  
 I had small faith in her weird, boasted powers,  
 Her philters lotions brewed at dead of night,  
 Her prophecies, concerning men and things,  
 And what she claimed was gifted second-sight.

One day I wandered on the Whirlpool's brink  
 Near famed Niagara, 'yond Suspension Bridge,  
 I studied Nature 'neath the forest shade,  
 And gathered pebbles on that rock-bound ridge :  
 I weighed their past, how many long, long years  
 Had come and gone, since through this leafy wood  
 The river flowed, when footsteps caught my ear,  
 And, turning round, there this strange woman  
 stood.

A face with pleasing features, 'neath a wide shade hat,  
 A comely form with neat and tasty dress,  
 A pleasant smile,—“Beside you, sir, a lady stands ;  
 A dark eyed woman, aged some fifty more or less.”  
 “Who is this lady, may I ask, you claim to see?”  
 “Your Mother, sir ; from out her gentle eyes  
 Beams only such love as an angel mother's soul  
 Could bring her children from the sunlit skies.”

How came Niagara's witch to know concerning me?  
I was a stranger many leagues from home;  
Was I in error, think you, could this mystic dame  
Deal with the dead, bid them at will to come?  
We parted; but her words had touched a tender chord  
Within my heart, and oft at twilight's hour,  
I wondered if this weird witch of Niagara Falls  
Would cross my path, I test her occult power?

Months passed away; one Autumn day I stood  
On "Luna Island," watched the mighty flood  
Of water rushing onward, crossed the slender bridge  
To the "Three Sisters," where the crumbling tower  
stood:

I started! for there, culling herbs, was this same witch,  
Who months ago I met down on the Whirlpool's  
brink;  
Our eyes met; then she said, "Your Mother stands  
Beside you daily, when you sleep, and act, and  
think,

"Is your good angel whereso'er your footsteps roam,  
Smooths down your pillow, bathes your weary  
brow,  
Guides with her counsels, cheers you in your gloom,  
And does those little deeds that mothers best know  
how":

Long years have passed, the silver threads have crept  
Where once was brown; now, when her spirit calls,  
I listen, catch her words, and bless the day  
We met,—I, and the Witch of famed Niagara Falls.

RESURGAM.  

---

How little we know, as we stand on the shore  
And gaze on the fast-rising tide,  
Of the hopes and lives that were wrecked on its breast,  
And are buried far down, side by side,  
By the beds of rough coral, in deep ocean caves,  
Where the sea-nymphs, in wild, sportive glee,  
Never think of the hearts bowed in sorrow and grief  
For their loved, gathered up by the sea.

A kind, loving hand turns the pages of life,  
And I see 'neath the blue ocean's wave  
The land and the home of a nation long lost,  
Buried deep in their wild ocean grave:  
I asked the bright stars in their far-away home,  
As in weird, mazy dance on they sped,  
Must Atlantis of yore forever be held  
Leagues down, in her gold-sanded bed?

Only a prayer from one throbbing heart,  
That would drink from the Fountain of Truth,  
Only a soul pulse, for those past and gone,  
For a land swept away in its youth,  
Ere the ripeness of Autumn had crowned its fair crest,  
Or Winter, so hoary and gray,  
Had wrapped his white mantle about her bright form  
She had vanished,—she melted away,

And was gone: o'er her hills, and mountains, and  
vales,

There is naught but the blue rolling wave;  
The loves of her children, the homes of her sires  
Are enwrapped in one common grave:  
But a wonderful picture, from Nature's deft hand,  
Is slowly uncovered to me,  
As up from the caverns and gold-sanded floors  
Springs this beautiful gem of the sea.

Fair, fair as a dream of the dim, shrouded past,  
Told by Plato to sages of yore,  
Rise mountain, and dell, and sweet singing streams,  
While along by the daisy-decked shore  
Of her bays and her rivers, brighter far than the past,  
Are the homes, 'neath fair shade tree and vine,  
The laughter of children, and songs of the birds,  
While sweet flowers most lovingly twine

Round the porches and homes of a people long lost,  
Submerged 'neath blue waves of the sea;  
Let us thank Mother Nature, whose magical hand  
Breaks the bonds, sets her prisoned child free:  
In her wonderful wisdom we lovingly trust,  
Though storm tossed, and often forlorn;  
For out of her body, through aeons of time,  
Vast lands, with their beauties, are born.

NEWS FROM SEA.

---

They were grouped about the lamp, one night,  
Mother, and Joe and Little Nell,  
While they spoke of Ben, on a whaling voyage,  
Wondered where he was, and if all was well:  
Twice the air had been sweet with apple bloom,  
Twice the snow had covered hill and dale;  
When Thanksgiving came he would sure return,  
And they watched each day for his gleaming sail.

“Let’s ask Planchette; maybe that can tell,”  
Said the blue-eyed child; “I’ll put my hand  
On the board, and who knows but it will make  
Some letters we all can understand”:  
So they brought the weird guest from its place;  
Nell laid on its disk her chubby hand,  
When it moved, and traced on the paper white,  
“Your Ben is here in the spirit land.”

“Why, what does it say? please, Mamma, read;  
Seems though I saw Pa’s face right there;  
He smiles, and kisses me on the cheek,  
And Bennie, too; he strokes my hair:  
Why, Mamma, dear, what does it mean?  
You know you told me Papa died  
Far off at sea, coming home from Spain,  
A year ago, and how we cried.

“Look, Mamma, look! see, it writes again” —  
Strange magic, this, in the sweet child’s touch!  
Then the mystic board traced a sentence out  
That the mother’s heart told her meant much:  
“Tell mother dear that her sailor boy  
Will be at home Thanksgiving Day,  
No more to roam o’er the deep blue sea,  
But has furled his sails, with her to stay.

“So, when you sit at home each eve  
And thoughts turn to us, Pa and me,  
Why, we both shall stand close by your side,  
Not far away on the stormy sea:  
Let my darling sister, blue-eyed Nell,  
Keep that curious Planchette near her, then;  
You will not feel lonesome, for each day  
You’ll get the news from Pa and Ben.”

# Songs of the Rail.

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## OLD BEN.

ON DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILWAY.

---

No one deemed Ben worth much notice;  
He was dirty, tanned, and black;  
Yet he watched his switches faithful,  
Kept a close eye on the track:  
Rude, unlettered, rough in language;  
Still, beneath his flannel shirt  
Was a heart too large and noble  
Ever to be hid 'neath dirt.

We boys discussed the situation,  
Told how statesmen had their day,  
For Ben was a politician  
In his crude, old-fashioned way:  
Emphasized his points with arguments  
Andrew Jackson might not use,  
And deemed that his opponents were  
Fit subjects for abuse.

Well, days sped on and March came,  
The month of winds and rain;  
Sometimes you heard a robin sing  
Which foretold Spring again:

The brooks and rills were rippling,  
Winding through the pastures rough,  
While the buds this song were singing,  
"We've had Winter long enough."

Many times Old Ben saved people,  
Careless when they reached the track,  
Cautioned each with speech emphatic  
As he roughly held them back;  
Pointed to the monster engines,  
And dilated on the weight  
Of the many cars before them  
In that lengthy train of freight.

One day Old Ben was standing,  
Waiting there for Number Ten;  
He had looked at all his switches,  
Turned to watch them coming; when,  
Right before him, on the crossing,  
Was a fair-haired gentle child,  
Pushing on a little carriage  
Where a baby cooed and smiled.

Brave Ben grasped the situation,  
Not a moment now to spare;  
With strength born of desperation,  
Grasped the spell-bound little pair:  
Tore them from before the engine  
With a mighty, dying strain,  
Then went downward, crushed and bleeding,  
Underneath that coming train.



Want to hear me talk of heroes?  
Look at that old mangled Ben,  
Both arms broken, legs all shattered,  
As we lift him, speaks again:  
"Did I save the little children?  
Did it hurt them; tell me, say?"  
"All safe, Ben," his bright eye faded;  
There's my hero of to-day.

Have you monuments for heroes  
In this broad and happy land?  
Seems to me that I saw angels  
Grasping Old Ben's horny hand:  
Didn't seem to mind his garments  
Or his rough, unpolished way;  
Dear, sweet children brought flowers  
That they gathered in their play.

And when I looked still longer,  
Right above his dear old head,  
Something like a wreath of laurel  
Touched with dewdrops, there outspread:  
Heroes don't all live in novels;  
God shows mankind wisdom, when  
From the crudest things in Nature  
He forms heroes like old Ben.

## SAVED BY AN OWL.

ON A., T. & SANTA FE RY.

---

Queer, odd freak that of Ned Barnett's,  
Pulled the Overland Express,  
Coming east down through the mountains,  
Struck a streak of luck, I guess:  
Great white owl smashed his cab windows,  
Fell down dead, close by Ned's feet;  
Kind of weird-like in the night time;  
Bet your life he left that seat.

Shut off, stopped train with the Air-Brake,  
Sent a Brakeman down the track;  
Only gone some fifteen minutes  
When he came a-running back:  
The track all covered by a landslide;  
How the wind did shriek and howl!  
Strangest thing I ever heard of—  
"Overland" saved by an owl.

Cut was full of trees and boulders,  
Ned had not much room to spare;—  
Strange how warnings come to people,  
Seems as though 'twas in the air;

Found that owl's mate in a tree-top,  
Crushed to death when landslide fell ;  
Now, what made that owl warn Barnett—  
If you can, please won't you tell?

Things don't happen without causes ;  
If he'd kept on with that train,  
They'd been wrecked and, maybe, burned up  
In that storm of wind and rain :  
Some may call us superstitious,  
But a railway life for years,  
In the day, and in the night time,  
Sometimes wakens doubts and fears.

Barnett had both those owls mounted,  
Ride each trip behind his seat ;  
Saved his train, there in the mountains ;  
That an act, sir, none can beat :  
Something strange, and weird, and mystic,  
Are these warnings in the air,—  
Must be some one, we can't see, sir,  
Watching round us everywhere.

## THE HOME RUN

ON WABASH RAILWAY.  

---

Yes, I knew old Bill Thompson, a singular man,  
Pulled the Mail, on the Wabash, in say sixty-eight,  
Rather harsh in his language, but his great, noble soul  
Made him friends, and his record was honest and  
straight :

He loved little children, I've seen him for hours  
Go leading a little child round by the hand,  
While tears would steal slow down his grimy old  
cheeks

When he mentioned his loved in a sunnier land.

Down the line where Bill ran was a snug little home  
Where lived a fond father and his children three,  
But the mother had died some two years before  
And they made her grave 'neath an old sycamore  
tree :

Ofttimes when Bill passed, they were decking her  
grave

With flowers they had gathered in forest and glen,  
And Old Bill took a notion to those little girls,  
So he dropped them a wreath, at their home, now  
and then.

Well, Summer met Autumn, and days sped along ;  
One eve Bill was working her all she would bear,  
When he spied on ahead, standing there 'tween the  
rails,

The little wee girl with the bright, sunny hair :  
Bill shut off, then reversed, but the child stood there  
dazed :

“Look out for her, Dick,” quickly Bill Thompson  
cried,  
Ran out on the running-board, out on the front,  
Saved the child, but Old Bill ran his last trip this  
side.

Dick whistled for brakes, and boys stopped the train ;  
They went back, found Old Bill in a terrible plight,  
Legs broken, clothes torn, and all covered with blood,  
But his eyes at the time had a far-away light .  
Then his lips whispered hoarsely, “We’re on the home  
run ;

I can see far ahead, but all signals are white ;  
There’s my wife, and two babies” ; he opened his  
arms

And his soul took the Home Run that fair Autumn  
night.

But there, right beside him, a white angel stood ;  
Blue her eyes as the sky, with fair, sunny hair ;  
She stoops, leaves a kiss on Bill’s poor, battered face,  
Lays a wreath of white roses and mignonette there :  
And I reckon Bill earned a through pass to the skies  
Where a fond mother thanked him for what he had  
done ;

Dear Old Bill, he found mate and his beautiful babes  
That eve on the Wabash, bound on his Home Run.

## LOVE'S SIGNAL.

ON PROVIDENCE AND STONINGTON RY.

---

Ever hear of Bill Guild on the Stonington Road?  
Engineer on the Shore Line Express,  
Had many warm friends along down the Line;  
Elmwood folks miss his greeting, I guess:  
Elmwood, sir, was his home near the Rhode Island  
works,  
And when passing there early or late,  
Bill sounded two whistles, his kind, loving way  
Of greeting his home and his mate.

It's a strange, thrilling life, on these limited trains,  
And a man speeding on through the nights  
Often gets his nerve tried as he peers on ahead  
Where his eyes see some weird, mystic sights:  
There flits many a ghost of the past o'er the rails  
And his hand with a thrill grasps the Air,  
Till the wild vision fades, and he breathes free again  
When he sees nothing tangible there.

So Bill's signal rang out, and passengers said  
"Guild 's bidding his wife a good night";  
It touched many a heart nestled down in the seats  
And made many a heavy eye bright:

So the nights sped along till it flashed o'er the wires,  
 "The Shore Line Express in the ditch,  
 Engineer and his mate burned to death in the cab,  
 Cars on fire, many killed, Richmond Switch."

Love waited her signal, but waited in vain,  
 The hand that was wont to bring cheer,  
 With two piercing whistles, to heart of his mate,  
 Lay charred, with the dead engineer,  
 Where the deep gully caused by the runaway pond  
 Wrecked his train ere dawning of day,  
 Pinned down in his cab 'neath fierce burning cars,  
 Her mate and his poor fireman lay.

I saw his wrecked engine when they brought her up  
 here,  
 And I'm neither a crank nor a child,  
 But as true as you live, a form lingered there  
 While the face that I saw was Bill Guild:  
 Old men who have run for long years on the road  
 Look wise, and with shake of the head,  
 Say they see Bill quite often step into their cab,  
 Though the world, you know, says he is dead.

And the boys hear his greeting oft-times in the morn  
 Floating clear, far away o'er the din  
 Of the great throbbing city, and whispering low  
 Say, "Hush, mates, Bill Guild's coming in":  
 So I've told you the tale as it's talked down the line,  
 Of a man with a true, loving heart,—  
 When you hunt for a hero there's the Shore Line Ex-  
 press;  
 Well, good night, we are scheduled to start.

## HELD UP.

ON DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY.

---

Yes, I hear you young chaps talking  
'Bout my hold-up down the line ;  
Let me tell you times are different  
Than they were in seventy-nine :  
Then, you see, they ran the specie  
On the night trains, more than day,  
'Till they found that kind of shipments  
Didn't hardly seem to pay.

What would you do on the Flyer,  
If around a curve, some night,  
Spinning somewhere in the fifties,  
You shou'd catch a bright red light?  
Might be just this side a trestle  
Or a bridge across some stream,  
Train all full of babes and women ;  
Stop, and see how it would seem

To let 'em keep on working,  
Never heed that signal there ;  
Why, I'd do my best to hold them  
With both lever and the Air :



Night so dark that you could cut it,  
    Couldn't see three cars ahead,  
Made you wish you was a farmer  
    Safe at home, asleep in bed.

'Fore we stopped a Colt's repeater  
    Looked us fellows in the eye;  
Bad men held those two revolvers,  
    No use then to whine or cry;  
Did just what those robbers told us,  
    Glad to get off whole that way;  
All this happened after midnight;  
    What would you do, tell us, say?

Didn't touch the babes or women,  
    Cut out Mail Car, and Express,  
Made us run them o'er the trestle  
    Some two miles, or more, I guess:  
Opened up the safe with powder,  
    Got ten thousand, part in gold,  
Mounted on their beasts, and started,  
    While we stood there in the cold.

Well, I got sick of that Flyer;  
    Every night we passed that place,  
I could see those same revolvers  
    Look us fellows in the face:  
I've got grit, but that's no reason  
    Why a man should risk his life  
With the James or Younger brothers  
    When he's children, and a wife.

So you young men can have Flyers,  
A day switcher just suits me,  
All this night work, gold lace, honor,  
With an old man don't agree :  
'Haps they'll stop you on the prairie,  
Shove a Colt where you can see  
How it seems, alone at midnight,—  
Then you'll think of home, and me.

## CINDERS.

ON NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY.

---

Cinders? Why he was Hank Nash's dog ;  
Old Hank, that pulled daily a Blue Line Freight  
'Twi't the Falls and Rochester, when on time,  
And caught the Atlantic, when she was late :  
Hank ran a McQueen in the long years gone,  
With a running-board both wide and high,  
And Cinders would lie, at his leisure, there  
To watch the country as they sped by.

How came Old Hank to chum with the dog?  
That is a question beyond my ken,  
A strange old soul was this engineer—  
Not like the average and run of men :  
Cinders came to him on a stormy night  
When Hank was getting her oiled to go  
Out on his run, with a Blue Line Freight  
To Rochester, through the sleet and snow.

Cinders looked so earnestly up in his face  
That it touched a chord, and he said "I might  
Take the dog along if he'll learn to ride ;  
Who knows but he'll stay up there all right" :

---

The dog kept close while he oiled all round  
And it might have been simply Old Hank's whim,  
But he said, "Come Pup"; put the dog in his cab,  
And took Cinders out in the yard with him.

Well Hank was third on the Run, that night,  
And the wind it whistled, and snow it whirled,  
While Cinders lay snugly by Hank Nash's seat  
Upon an old coat most comfortably curled:  
All of a sudden he sprang upright,  
Looked out the cab door, then turned his head,  
Gave a howl at Old Hank, as much as to say  
"Look out sharp there, partner, there's danger  
ahead."

Old Hank shut off, stuck his head out the cab,  
And there just ahead, standing stalled in the snow,  
Was Number Two; how he called for brakes  
And tipped her over, well, wasn't slow:  
Now how came that Cinders to warn Old Hank,  
Lying curled up there in his warm, snug bed?  
That crew was all front clearing off the snow,  
How did Cinders know they were stalled ahead?

Hank kept that Cinders, why, just for luck,  
He had worked his passage clean and straight,  
The boys bought him a collar, on it traced  
Was, "Cinders. He saved a Blue Line Freight":  
He was chums with Hank for a year or more,  
Rode night and day, was staunch and true;  
A legend? No, but a true, hard fact;  
When he died, Hank mourned; say, wouldn't you?

## LITTLE JOE.

ON THE BOSTON AND ALBANY RAILWAY.

---

He was my friend ; no bright, rare polished gem  
    Made brilliant by the cunning hand of art,  
But a rough diamond, and yet hidden there  
    Was a warm, gentle, generous, loving heart,  
That beat and throbbed in union with mankind  
    And through the Summer's heat, and Winter's  
    snow,  
His genial, sunny face was loved by all,  
    For each one knew and welcomed Little Joe.

He aimed to do his duty ; tell me, who can say  
    In cold, or warm, by day, or in the darkest night,  
His ready, long-tried hand, made expert through hard  
    years  
    Of service, failed to do what he deemed right?  
So though our feet trod different paths in life  
    And though our barks sailed different seas, I trow  
There's many a man on this fair world of ours  
    That has not half so large a heart as Little Joe.

Good night, old friend, till our paths cross again,  
    For out on Time's great wondrous, boundless sea,  
A fairer wind may fill your sails, and waft  
    Your bright bark o'er long currents back to me :

The weird, strange currents from Our Father's hand  
Are something that we cannot comprehend or  
know.  
But wheresoe'er our vessels meet, in this or foreign  
lands,  
I'll have a word of greeting and a welcome kind for  
Little Joe.

# Songs of Progress.

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## A PROBLEM.

---

One hundred and eighty-five pounds of what?  
Why, bone, and muscle, and flesh, and blood,  
That I've held in trust for some fifty-five years  
And done with the loan, why, the best that I could:  
Grave errors were made, and successes were won,  
Enemies were many, and firm friends were few,  
But whatever the issue my aim was when here  
To help lift the needy, so far as I knew.

What else is here, pray? Why, to guide this machine  
There must be some knowledge; whence did it  
come?

Transmitted from parents, is that what you claim?  
But what about features that to them were un-  
known?

Evolution, from what, won't you please to explain  
From which of three kingdoms evolved the soul?  
I have pictures before me of ages agone,  
Which to parents are strangers, as part or as whole.

Please move slow, don't jump at conclusions so quick ;  
Beneath all this seeming lies some deep subtle  
cause,

Which has centered these elements into one whole,  
To work out a mission 'neath Nature's deft laws :  
You and I see results but we cannot grasp all  
For our senses are hampered by garments of clay ;  
Mayhaps in the future when these we've outgrown  
The shadows of night will give place to the day.

I am here ; that's a fact that the blindest can see ;  
For how long seems a problem that no one can tell,  
Whence I came, where I was, how constructed or  
born,  
Seems to puzzle us greatly. Have I done as well  
In these fifty-five seasons of sunshine and shade  
As the architect wished for who compiled the same  
Three compounds that constitute what they term man  
And the brain that provides for these elements  
name?

I can see no beginning, nor centre, nor end,  
Whence I came, what I am, whither drift with the  
tide,  
Is a problem to me, turn wherever I will,  
And I see no way clear but to patiently bide  
What shall come in the darkness, what in the dawn,  
But noting this fact, where we cannot see,  
There's a Power guiding souls, and worlds, on in space  
That marks out Destiny for you and me.



ARE DOGS IN HEAVEN?  

---

You ask, Are dogs immortal?  
When the change called Death shall come,  
Shall the door be closed? I ask you,  
Who made dogs, that men call dumb?  
My dog could reason rightly,  
Was honest, staunch, and true;  
Do these virtues count for nothing  
'Twixt your steadfast dog and you?

When in answer to your summons  
Some tried neighbor bears a hand,  
In your hour of dire misfortune  
Strives to follow that command,  
Given 'neath Judea's palm trees,—  
Bear ye one another's load,  
Help thy brother when he sinketh  
Faint and weary in the road.

You are wont to give him credit,  
Laud his virtues as a man;  
Don't your dog deserve some praises  
When he does the best he can?  
Men are prone to kick and murmur  
If Misfortune stays awhile,  
But your dog stands firm beside you,  
If you scold or if you smile.

Friend, there's two sides to the question ;  
Let us listen to the dog,  
Maybe we've shut out the sunshine,  
Have been living in a fog :  
What if God in His great wisdom  
Chose to call you weak, and dumb,  
Did not want the holy angels  
Anywhere near you to come,

Did not rank you as immortal,  
Deemed your soul not fit to save,  
Held that till the resurrection  
You'd be better in the grave,  
Did not want you up in heaven,  
Kicked and cuffed you day by day ;  
Would you stand as firm beside him  
As your dog does ; would you, say?

The dog reasons from this basis :  
In the vast construction plan,  
Some one placed me in the dog world  
And he made my master, man ;  
But they say a man has wisdom  
While a dog is minus brain,  
Yet I can't see how they reason,  
How they make this matter plain.

There are things that happen daily  
Wherein dogs precede the man,  
Where they act upon the impulse,  
Do not stop to think, and plan :

If your boy falls in the water  
 Dogs plunge in and rescue him,  
 Men lament, and let him struggle  
 'Cause they have not learned to swim.

One day a dear old Pilgrim  
 With his dog reached Heaven's gate;  
 Peter bid the Pilgrim enter  
 But the dog had better wait:  
 Said this grand old Oriental,  
 "Though my feet are lame and sore,  
 No more faithful friend I know of  
 Than my dog outside your door.

"Ingratitude, says Allah,  
 Is the meanest kind of sin;  
 Let us seek some other Heaven  
 Where they welcome good dogs in":  
 "Please hold on a bit," says Peter,  
 "Seems to me that kind of creed  
 Might set this dull crowd to thinking,  
 Make this place a Heaven indeed.

"Come right in, you both are welcome,  
 Travel round and sow your seed,  
 In this motley congregation  
 You are just the man we need:  
 Show these Christians how a Heathen  
 In his bread puts in the leaven,  
 How a Pilgrim from the Desert  
 With his dog got into Heaven."

LIGHT.  

---

I bask in a gleam of sunshine  
And I herald the coming dawn,  
I speed on a golden stargleam  
And I open the bud of morn :  
Touch the eyes of the heavy sleeper,  
Kiss the lips that are ripe for bloom,  
Chase away all thought of sadness  
And banish doubt and gloom.

O I am a weird enchantress,  
I ride on the ambient air,  
You may see my face in the flowers,  
In their bright realm everywhere :  
I range through the lonely desert  
And each glistening grain of sand  
Smiles in the weird sign language  
At touch of my gentle hand.

I traverse the boundless ocean  
Where great waves toss and sweep,  
Smooth down their trouble surface  
Till they like an infant sleep :  
Then I speed to the frozen ice realms  
While each glistening globe and sphere  
Murmurs in the morning stillness :  
Our fair sister, Light, is here.

Then I plunge beneath the billows  
Far down in the summer sea,  
'Mid the mystic coral islands  
Wondrous kindred welcome me :  
Look within the hollow sea-caves,  
Touch with glance the golden sand,  
Weave strange figures 'tween the seaweed  
With a gentle, loving hand.

I am one with Nature ever,  
Draw my sunshine from her smile,  
Where'er there's gloom or darkness  
Golden sunbeams I beguile :  
'Tis my mission your sad hours  
To gild with my sceptre bright,  
This message, brought this morning  
From your loving sister, Light.

TRANSMISSION.

---

'Tis a summer's morn, and a robin's song  
Peals through the leafy arches ringing,  
But I wonder if his kindred call  
Those crude shrill notes good robin singing?  
He must be a novice in the art,  
Not yet well versed in trills and quavers,  
For a teacher sits in yonder tree  
And cheers him on whene'er he wavers.

This starts a train of silent thought,  
When mother birds their brood are hatching,  
How father birds sing in the trees,  
O'er mate and eggs keep careful watching,  
Bring Harmony to cheer their home,  
Keep mate well fed, free from intrusion,  
Does the best that bird lore teaches him  
To banish discord and confusion.

So the brood come forth robust and well,  
Perfect in form, each loving feature  
Speaks of the watchful care and ward  
Taken by those birds, close kin to Nature:  
A lesson for us, shall we heed  
When gentle Nature's finger pointing,  
Tells us this lesson meets our needs,  
Shows what in our own realm is wanting.

Suppose each man should every morn  
Perform his duties pleasant singing,  
Should fill each corner of his home  
With notes of music, clearly ringing :  
Why, the sun would never hide his face,  
Clouds even would dance merry measure,  
While mother's soul, and unborn babe  
Would overflow with joy and pleasure.

Transmit men what our wild birds do,  
The sunny traits, so long deep hidden  
By us, in mad, wild rush for gold ;  
Let these springs flow, so long unbidden :  
Then children will be like our birds,  
And through earth realms their gentle mission  
Will be to shed forth peace and joy  
As heirloom from you, through transmission.

WHAT IS DEATH?  

---

Some one has asked me what I thought of Death.  
I judge by that you mean the flight of soul  
From this crude garment, so by mortals prized,  
On wings of light, to seek its native goal :  
I cannot understand who coined this word,  
Its definition, stagnant, inert, lacking life,  
I find no place wherein such place exists,  
But Matter everywhere with Force is rife.

The highest knowledge we have ever gained  
Points to an Oversoul, a wondrous Head,  
A Fount of Wisdom whence our lesser souls  
Like rays of sunshine outward have been shed :  
We come forth guided by a loving Hand,  
Tossed here and there, upon a restless sea,  
Perhaps in quiet haven rest to gain our strength,  
Then start again, to solve the great To Be.

But I deny that Life makes no advance,  
Soul leading Matter ever onward moves,  
The casket gross returns from whence it sprang,  
The jewel, which you tell me Death removes  
Is transferred, that its lustre may be shed  
Among its kindred souls, till such appointed time  
The Master Workman's hand once more resets  
The gem in other casing, in some other clime.



We cannot locate Soul nor yet its wondrous Source  
That is a matter far beyond our ken,  
Write history of these sister worlds about us, over-  
head,

From whence they sprang, their age, and when  
Their light will dim ; then I will try and solve  
The problem which you gave me, deeming I  
Have garnered wisdom in a few short years  
Not gained by angels in the azure sky.

We only know that Life in cycles ever moves,  
Its birth the Oversoul alone can tell ;  
How often soul hath been encased in form  
I cannot answer, for "He doeth all things well."  
So when you ask me what I think of Death,—  
There is no Death ; a beauteous angel band  
Takes the freed soul from out its prison garb  
And bears it onward to its native land.

## RESIGNATION.

It sometimes seems that I were closely wrapped  
 In mantle of indifference what my fate may be,  
 As though I floated calm alike to time or tide,  
 Nor cared if they bore me far, far away to sea.  
 You do not measure storms I had to quell  
 In my own restless nature clothed in robe of man,  
 Long days and nights I strove to conquer self  
 Till patience taught me, do the best you can.

So I have learned that souls progress, as well  
 'Neath summer winds that sweep from Southern  
 skies.  
 As 'neath the Frost King's chilling wintry grasp,  
 When he down from the Arctic wildly, madly flies.  
 Short time we linger, mayhaps a long drawn night,  
 An hour in the eternal ages that before us sweep;  
 Why not meet Destiny with smile, and grasp of hand  
 Not have guest Sadness, Eyes that mourn and weep?

Somewhere a Teacher 'yond your ken or mine  
 Hath traced a pathway where our feet may tread,  
 I cannot change it, struggle as I may,  
 So I will walk with Patience, neither Fear nor  
 Dread.

Only a coward fears the darkness; in the night I see  
 In place of gnomes, bright laughing angel eyes;  
 Learn to bear meekly, learn Life's lesson well,  
 Then you are fitted for what yonder lies.

WHAT IS LIFE?  

---

What is Life? Why, dear, it is everything grand ;  
You cannot name aught in the great kingdoms three  
Where Life is not found, go wherever you will,  
Traverse space, our fair Earth, the air, or the sea :  
You scan with grave eye the small atom of sand,  
The sea mist, and far away stars in the blue,  
Cold winds that from frozen Alaska sweep down,  
All, all have their life, written plain to your view.

Whence came Life? That problem I never could solve ;  
Long ages have fled since it first journeyed here  
With Matter, both wanderers from some distant clime ;  
Twin sisters are they, both grave, learned, and sere :  
They twain might have reached here some early morn  
When twilight first purpled this crude world of ours ;  
I need far more time, ask a thousand years hence  
When wisdom has filled up my long, vacant hours.

You say Life is everywhere ; how can that be?  
This Death that men speak of must somewhere hold  
sway ;  
Ah ! but that was an error that into minds crept  
In the crude early years ere Light came to stay :

Thought then was an infant, men's eyes were turned  
 down,  
 Not up toward the thought realm, yon beautiful  
 skies;  
 Year by year men turned pages in Life's wondrous  
 book  
 And read written lore that deep hidden there lies.

Then another sad cause why Error gained root;  
 Dim minds caught a glimpse of Light's buds seek-  
 ing bloom,  
 Were struck with their beauty, to increase selfish  
 power  
 Kept them far from the multitude shrouded in  
 gloom:  
 How long shall gross Ignorance keep man thrust  
 down?  
 Why, dear, till his mind seeks the kingdom of Light;  
 Naught holds man a slave when fair Progress he woos,  
 Freedom ever stands near with her lamp burning  
 bright.

You have asked, What is Life; why, dear, it is all  
 The condensed thought of the Now and To Be,  
 A flower, if you please, 'neath Nature's deft hand,  
 Its roots reaching far through vast Eternity:  
 No realm is so boundless but Life is its guest,  
 No space deep or high where she does not abide,  
 No atom so small, no thought realm so vast  
 But beautiful Life on its wave crest will ride.

## HEDGED IN.

I call those souls my friends who dare to think  
Outside the common limit. Hedged in  
Through ages sere, the woman soul  
Had well nigh dreamed itself re clothed in sin:  
Slave to man's passions, he a slave.  
Small matter what the mother nature sought  
To give her unborn babe. Man deemed his steed  
Of higher worth than her whose voice was naught.

What right have you to say where woman's feet  
May tread? Rays of light from realms beyond your  
ken  
Illume her inner nature. Tried in the fire  
Which burns out all alloy, no language from my  
pen  
Can weave a wreath meet for souls like these  
Which glorify great History's page, and trace  
Far in the future what mankind may be,  
When Freedom is the apex of each land and race.

How small the comprehension that we have  
Of Liberty. Born in the shambles, nursed and fed  
By mothers whose high aspirations were crushed  
down,  
We come and go like spectres of the dead.

Our better natures like a garden filled with weeds  
Where the kind hands of the fair sisters three,  
Patience, and Hope, with Knowledge in the van,  
As years speed on, may set our spirits free.

Of little moment 'twere if on the rugged heights  
I stood alone in equal rights for all. Some day  
I'll clasp in greeting the hand of a free woman.  
Free to choose her life, vocation, dress, and better  
way  
To usher a new generation, whose high aim shall be  
To help mankind to higher realms of thought, above  
The dull and dreary life where we are plodding now,  
Up to the sunshine, where each thought is bright  
with love.

To you who try to turn the tide, I have no condemna-  
tion.

Perhaps your vision hath not scanned the open sea.  
To you it may seem right that woman still remain  
The slave of man, launch untold lives whose plea  
Is that kind Death may lift their burden. Still, with  
Voice and pen I battle for the child unborn.  
And only as ye seek to free the mother soul,  
Shall we leave Night and speed up to the Dawn.

ONLY A STEP.  

---

Only a step, for us mortals,  
A step on the bright golden stair,  
A heart throb for those left behind us,  
A hand clasp from those waiting there :  
Only a glimpse of the sunshine  
Streaming down from the soft arching blue,  
Only a spirit voice saying  
Come, dear, we are waiting for you.

Only a step, from the shadows  
That hamper our wearisome feet,  
To that region of light and beauty  
Where we our loved ones meet :  
Only the gleam of a snowy sail  
As we pass from this shadowed strand,  
While we catch the breath of sweetest flowers  
As we near the spirit land.

Only a step, in dreamland  
Our souls, like mists of the sea,  
Speed on many a rosy-hued journey,  
Catch a glimpse what the future may be :  
Would we leave our soul doors open  
And a welcome in each heart,  
The soul-land bright and this realm of night  
Would be but a step apart.

Only a step, round our firesides,  
On the stairs, through each half-opened door,  
Our ears catch the heavenly music  
Swept down from that fair spirit shore.  
No Death with its icy cold fingers,  
Only Life ever blooming, and true,  
And a happy good morning, my darling,  
From those there awaiting for you.



THE NEEDS OF TO-DAY.  

---

Yes, I hear you sing of Homes of the Blest,  
And the Hills by Angels trod,  
Of that land where peace and plenty abound  
'Neath the goodness and grace of God:  
But here there are orphans with tear-stained eyes  
And hearts grown old with care,  
Methinks it were well to help them here, now,  
Not wait till we get over there.

Your church-spires point toward the azure blue,  
Not down to the sewing girl's cot,  
And church choirs sing of the Sweet Bye-and-Bye  
While the pains of To-day are forgot:  
Why send your prized gold to far Eastern realms  
When Want stalks abroad o'er our land,  
Tell slaves the beauties of Evergreen Shores  
Whom you hold with an ironclad hand?

Who gave you the right to monopolize gold,  
Draw a line betwixt woman and man?  
Is virtue a jewel so far 'yond our reach  
That she places one sex in the van?  
Of our sad, weary sisters, toiling for life,  
With no glimpse of that Beautiful Shore,  
No Jesus to welcome them with a kind word  
When they cross 'yond the wild breakers' roar.

Your Teachers court words, deeds stand in the shade ;  
Were the Nazarene with you to-day,  
You would cast him aside, choose a proud millionaire  
To help you to preach and to pray :  
How our loved ones must weep on those Beautiful  
Hills

When they measure your spiritual worth :  
Twenty proud millionaires, fifty millions of slaves  
To cumber this beautiful earth.

Humility weeps, Justice turns with a frown,  
Her name you have sad misconstrued ;  
She will ask if the talents loaned unto you  
Have been used for Humanity's good.  
So I show you this picture, The Needs of the Hour ;  
Help the poor that you meet on your way ;  
Then no need to wait years for Sweet Bye-and-Bye  
When you do your whole duty To-Day.

TWO WAYS.

---

'Tis a quaint old world where we mortals tread,  
And the people we daily meet  
Have a roundabout way their thoughts to voice  
When a friend they chance to greet:  
At their home, where they claim that Friendship's  
chain  
Links the space 'twixt them and you,  
They condemn your acts with the strongest speech  
Till the air you breathe grows blue.

Perhaps you have solved a Truth that is brought  
To your soul on the morning air,  
Hard to explain to their untaught minds  
Its birthplace, you know not where:  
To you 'tis a pearl of priceless worth  
And to them 'tis a worthless prize,  
While they wonder why you should turn from the path  
That straight before them lies.

So they call you crank, and bewail your lot  
And forget in their silly wrath  
That the Road of Life hath an endless range  
With many an untrod path

That runs hither, and yon, over hill and dale  
And along by the river's lea ;  
They may choose the road that circles the mount,  
But straight o'er the hill for me.

Then our mode of life, the dress we wear,  
The food we daily eat,—  
Grain and fruit I love with their life in store  
While you choose well drained meat :  
I rise with the birds, when Aurora gilds  
The crest of yon towering pine ;  
With ball, and rout, you fill night out  
And languidly rise at nine.

The glittering stars in their far-off homes  
To me, in night's still hours,  
Are a study grand, sister worlds in space  
Of this fair old world of ours :  
The orchard sweets, and rose in bloom  
Greet me in the morning air,  
You cull them both to your corsage deck  
Or to twine amid your hair.

Each garden blooms, kind Nature's hand  
Hath scattered seeds everywhere,  
Some need the sun, some need the shade ;  
All need her loving care :  
There is room for all, as they grow and bloom,  
Red, yellow, rich-veined, and blue,  
And cannot the love that blesses those flowers  
Be shared by me and you?

Let us each strive well, let Charity's garb  
Reach far from sea to sea,  
O'er the hearts that voice our sweetest thoughts,  
Balm of rest from you and me:  
If your life flows on where I cannot go  
And mine where you cannot reach,  
Let both clasp hands for the common weal  
And the world a lesson teach.

THE RISING TIDE.

---

There is ever room for an earnest soul,  
And the field is broad and wide,  
For a kind word here, and sweet smile there,  
Ere we pass to the other side :  
We are pupils all, in Earth's great school,  
Our mission, to learn and teach  
The lessons grand, from angel land,  
Wherever our thought can reach.

Not sixty times has the hand swept round  
Since a loving angel band  
In a sister state pierced the shadows dark  
Thickly clustered about our land :  
They touched with their wand receptive souls  
Where a truth sprang up and grew,  
That there are no dead ; our lives are blessed  
As the flowers, by this heavenly dew.

O'er hill, and dale, and isles of the sea,  
O'er the far-off lands of earth,  
Sped this message grand, "Your dead still live,"  
From this child of humble birth :  
Europe caught the cry as it swept along,  
And o'er Egypt's desert breath,  
To the Ganges' side, and Australian homes  
Swept the paean, "There is no Death."

Then the man-soul threw off its shackles sere,  
And away o'er the dancing tide,  
Like a beacon light, gleamed this message bright,  
"Those you loved have never died":  
Sweet mother souls! Hope stood aloof  
While her heart throbs rose and fell  
When she asked the Teacher, "Where is my child?"  
And he answered, "I cannot tell."

O mother, dear, in your household wreath  
Not a bud is blasted there,  
But on rays of light come your darlings bright  
To answer your earnest prayer:  
They guide your feet where the way is dark,  
'Mid the shadows bleak and drear,  
While you often feel at your daily tasks  
That your treasures hover near.

Then great Science felt the tide sweep on,  
It touched both seer and sage,  
And books of the Past were opened wide,  
While on many an ancient page  
Time's finger had traced, with unerring hand,  
That 'neath where blue waves roll  
Many lands have sunk, but their nations dwell  
In the sunny home of the soul.

Then rock and sand their secrets gave  
To the patient searcher there,  
And they told how Nature had wrote her book  
With a true and watchful care:

Then when Reason brushed the cobwebs down  
And the parchments they unrolled,  
Men found that the Book they took for their guide  
Contained more of dross than gold.

Then the tide reached church and chapel gray  
And gray were the lessons sere,  
The same dry husks, bereft of corn,  
Doled out from year to year :  
For the outward man loved a golden shrine,  
While his soul in its narrow shell  
Could not bask 'neath the smile of a Father's love  
From fear of a burning hell.

Still the tide sweeps on, urged by loving hands,  
While to-day at each Teacher's side,  
Unseen by him, but guiding his speech  
Is a soul who has lived and died :  
Error loans me her garb of the olden time  
To make my meaning clear,  
But Knowledge comes with her magic wand  
To scatter the shadows drear.

So a hearty cheer for the goddess Light  
And a cheer for the bright To Be,  
As our vessel floats on Life's rising tide  
And afar on its silvery sea :  
Let us thank the band, that from angel land  
Gave us Freedom's bark to ride,  
O'er the wave of Death and the sea of Doubt  
On the crest of the rising tide.



ONLY A DREAM.

---

Only a dream ! so your verdict reads,  
What I called a picture fair,  
As the waves of Time swept what Nature's lens  
Had caught from the moving air :  
Only a dream ! perhaps to you  
Who reckon by worldly gain,  
You count no fragrance, only the fruit  
From your stand, on Earth's fair plain.

You claim that the visions I daily see  
Are naught but the fleeting breath  
Of flowers that fade, and leaves that fall,  
All are culled in the harvest of death :  
Why, my mistaken friend, did you ever dream  
That borne on each sweeping wave,  
Are the germs of a grander type of life  
That have bloomed beyond the grave.

I lament, fair sir, that your limited view  
Cannot see what about us lies,  
The finer and holier part of God's work  
Made clear to our spirit eyes ;  
When you change your garb at call of Death  
Let me tell this fact to you,  
The sordid gold and crisp bank note  
Have no rating in yonder blue.

Your dream of the wonderful force of wealth  
Is based on the sifting sand,  
While the truthful lessons in Nature's book  
You should seek to understand :  
And perhaps, my friend, your balance sheet,  
With its columns of profit and loss,  
Might cleaner look, if you searched for the true  
And hoarded up less of the dross.

THE COLOR LINE.

---

So it seems that the man who stood up by our side  
And fought for the home of his sires,  
Is a trifle too dark to march by our side  
Or sit at our jolly camp fires :  
I turn Life's page backward some thirty-six years,  
Where I see in clear letters of light,  
When the doors of the South were shut square in my  
face  
The slave bid me welcome at night.

I am only a wanderer here at the best  
And your laws are a riddle to me,  
You claim that the Flag you reverence and love  
Waves high o'er this land of the free :  
Pray, who made one man black, another one red,  
And one of a far lighter hue,  
Will He, watching well over work of His hand  
Commend these nice judgments in you?

The sun shines on all, yellow, black, red, and white,  
While the stars from their home in the sky.  
Never question his nation, the land whence he came,  
Is he dark, red, or fairer than I :  
Let us never forget that we ought to be free,  
Not slaves to a weak little whim,  
Let us show this bright world we sprang from one  
God  
And both love and venerate him.

Can you change the great tides of the vast throbbing  
sea

Or hasten June's roses to bloom?

Can you renew the youth in these bodies of ours,

When aged and meet for the tomb?

I cannot forget that this winsome old earth

Hath room for her dear children, all;

Then let us clasp hands for the whole nation's weal

And listen to fair Reason's call.

You may call me a crank, but please not forget

That I point with good honest pride,

Where I helped to bear burdens in this busy life

And toiled for the poor weaker side:

My feet tread the path where Freedom's light shines

Independent of place or of man,

For I think one's whole duty while journeying here

Is to do just the best that he can.

JUANITA.  

---

A sweet, plaintive call from the lips of a child  
Was heard o'er din of the street,  
"Please buy my flowers, good Senors, do ;  
They are bright, and fresh, and sweet,  
I am far from home in a stranger's land  
And an orphan, too, they say,  
For I was born in the land of flowers,  
In sunny bright San Jose.

"My feet are a-weary, and heart is sick,  
On this far-away Northern shore,  
And I wish the angels would take me up home  
From the streets of Baltimore :  
I dreamed last night of a wondrous land,  
Where the flowers were brighter in hue,  
And they never fade as these do here,  
While the skies were a sunnier blue,

"And the birds, O what songs, so clear and sweet,  
While they came and sat on my hand ;  
Won't you please let an orphan flower girl  
Stay in this beautiful land?  
Then an angel came and took my form  
While she bore me far away,  
By streamlets bright, along running brooks  
'Neath the dawn of a fairer day."

The hours rolled on, still the dreamer slept,  
When a rude hand grasped her arm,  
"I sent you out here to sell those flowers";  
The child in wild alarm  
Could only gasp, and shriek with fright  
While on her back so sore  
Rained the cruel blows, from her tyrant's hand,  
In the streets of Baltimore.

That night, as she lay on her cold, hard bed,  
A light streamed into her room,  
And the angel came from her home above  
To scatter the clouds of gloom:  
When morning broke, in the spirit land  
She opened her wondering eyes,  
A soft voice said to the flower girl,  
"Welcome up to the sunny skies."

A SOUL'S FLIGHT.  

---

I have stood on the ruins of temples  
    Along the majestic Nile,  
Where the desert sands were sweeping  
    O'er many a crumbling pile  
Of the walls of ancient cities,  
    Famed in historic lore,  
While Nature was weaving a shroud of rest  
    For her children, now no more.

I have climbed the hills of Hellas,  
    And drank with keen delight  
Deep draughts of the wondrous beauty  
    Outwrought in her temples bright:  
I have turned Life's weird page backward,  
    And away on the morning breeze,  
Have sailed with fair-haired sea kings  
    On the stormy Northern seas.

I have sped 'neath waves of ocean  
    In the mermaids' garden blue,  
And learned lessons of marine life  
    That one never dreamed were true:  
Away o'er the hills of sea-lands,  
    Far across Atlantean plains,—  
Alas, of her wonderful beauty  
    But little now remains.

I have crossed the white-capped Andes,  
With their lofty heads of snow,  
I have gazed with pride at the Incas' homes  
And the gardens of Mexico :  
I have breathed of the sweetest fragrance  
Of her brightest and rarest blooms,  
Have loitered through many a golden day  
In her shady nooks and rooms.

'Neath the wondrous tropic forests,  
By the Aztec ruins grand,  
Along the swiftly-flowing rivers,  
And over the desert land :  
Where once the surges of ocean  
Swept on from shore to shore,  
Now only the shining waves of sand  
Flee from the simoon's roar.

'Mongst the isles of the Pacific,  
Wreathed with cocoa-tree and palm,  
Where soft winds sweep from tropic seas  
O'er bays, and nooks so warm,  
In the shade of Australian forests,  
With fair Knowledge for my guide,  
The doors of years at my earnest prayer  
Have been opened far and wide.

Then away to the wondrous star realms,  
Far up in the azure blue,  
Where I gazed on many a sister world  
And read Life's pages anew :



They taught that souls in their onward march  
Often crossed the lines so bright,  
To other worlds, and roamed at will  
In searching for the light.

And they taught that progress was ever on,  
While souls of days of yore  
Were learning much of the coming life  
On a brighter, fairer shore:  
While the ruins seen as we sped along  
Were the tablets true and grand,  
The footprints of nations who once were here,  
Now born in a higher land.

So a soul may speed through realms of space  
And cull the lessons grand,  
Which the Oversoul hath traced broadcast  
With a weird and wondrous hand;  
Where'er we turn the record stands  
In every land and clime,  
On this, or our beauteous sister worlds,  
On the matchless Scroll of Time.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Did you ever stop to listen  
When the bright stars gleam and glisten,  
To the voices fond and loving  
    From the angels at our side;  
Those we cherished in the morning  
Of their earth lives, ere the dawning  
Of a grander, brighter future  
    Swept their barks across the tide?

By your side a loving mother,  
Beauteous sister, father, brother,  
Touch your elbow, whisper softly,  
    "Turn, grim Danger lurketh nigh":  
You, without an outward seeming,  
Seem to grasp the hidden meaning  
Of that voice and touch so gentle  
    Of those guardians from the sky.

Open wide your soul doors, mortals;  
Standing close beside the portals,  
Ever striving, ever reaching,  
    With a hand to guide and save  
Feet that wander, weak and weary,  
In the paths so dark and dreary,  
Are our loving Guardian Angels  
    That you thought lay in the grave.

So along Life's wondrous river,  
Where the lights and shadows quiver,  
As your barks sweep onward, onward  
    Daily, toward the spirit land,  
Would you shun the storms that gather  
You must heed the loved, who hover  
Close about you,—guardian angels,—  
    A fair, happy, joyous band.

# Songs of the Affections.

---

## NEWSBOY JOE.

---

He was only an orphan newsboy,  
Small of stature, wan and pale,  
But he cared for a poor blind sister  
By his sales of the "Evening Mail."  
And he often told his comrades  
When the evening's task was through,  
That a third of the profits went to Joe  
And the balance to Little Sue.

"Here's your 'Evening Mail' " came ringing  
Clear and shrill o'er the busy street,  
"All the news from the Mississipp' Valley"  
Caught his patrons' ears, whose feet,  
Hurrying home from their work, yet halted,  
To drop in his hand so blue,  
The price of their evening paper,  
To help him and Little Sue.

For they loved his happy greeting  
And his eyes' bright azure hue,  
"Have a Mail, this evening, please sir?"  
"Yes, and how is blind sister Sue?"

“Why we live like doves in one room, sir,  
And when I have pennies to spare,  
I carry her home an orange or two  
And maybe an apple or pear.”

One night, an angel from heaven  
Bore away Joe's sister Sue,  
And the home was sad and lonely,  
While he wondered if she knew  
How when the stars were a-gleaming  
He knelt 'neath their silver light,  
And asked that Sue and the angels  
Would guide his young feet right.

And he, with Childhood's simple faith,  
Told the boys that his sister Sue  
Came every night to his lonely cot,  
And told him just what to do:  
“Why, she looks so bright and shining  
And her eyes are a sunny gray,  
For she says up there the angels took  
Her blindness all away.”

One evening Joe caught the fever,  
Selling papers on the street,  
But the newsboys kept his “custom” up  
And brought him food to eat:  
“Boys,” he said, “last night Sue came here,  
And she said in a day or so  
A real nice angel was coming down  
To get her brother Joe.”

When day dawned they came to see him,  
But the orphan's soul had fled,  
While the kind old sexton brushed his hair  
And told them Joe was dead:  
But up near the Gate of Heaven  
Comes borne on the passing breeze,  
"All the news in this beautiful country,—  
Won't you have a Mail, sir, please?"

BLOOM.

---

Something of life as it's found to-day,  
Something kind, and tender, and mystic,  
Well, Old Jake, and Bloom, and Gyp the dog  
Have a history wove that is characteristic:  
Old Jake was a hermit like, you see  
Had a humble home in the Pines up yonder,  
Farmed a little, hunted, and fished a bit  
And round Spot Pond there used to wander.

One day, when down on Pine Tree Point,  
He found a dog, all wet and panting,  
Beside him lay a half-drowned girl,  
Wrapped up in some old rags and bunting:  
Jake scanned the wanderers o'er and o'er,  
Love in his heart like fount upwelling,  
Wrapped the girl up in his old brown coat,  
Took her and Gyp home to his dwelling.

Well, he got her milk, and the dog gave food,  
Both thrived, grew strong, took daily outing  
In the pine woods,—Bloom, he called the girl,—  
Gyp played but Bloom did all the shouting:  
It was queer to watch that quaint Old Jake  
So good, and patient, kind, and tender,  
He bought her clothes, taught her to read,  
And watched her growing tall and slender.

He had fixed the place, made a garden there,  
 Had Sunflowers, Phlox, and Prince's Feathers,  
 Made a piazza like, so dog and girl,  
 Could take the air all kind of weathers :  
 When times were hard, he'd go without  
 His food, to feed that dog and maiden,  
 His face grew saint-like, never thought  
 He might be weary, heavy laden.

Then he built a boat, so they might sail,  
 Catch fish, and watch the lilies blossom,  
 Thanked the Good Lord that they had come  
 To still the yearning in his bosom.  
 One day Gyp chased an old red fox  
 Through woods, and out where Bound Brook  
 rushes,  
 And Bloom, she got her clothes all wet  
 Following them through the thick laurel bushes.

Bloom was taken sick, wandered in her mind,  
 Jake made her drinks to still the fever,  
 While she spoke of home, the Grampian Hills  
 The Blue Bells sweet, and bloom of Heather :  
 Ere morning dawned her mind grew calm ;  
 She clasped Jake's neck, her eyelids quiver,  
 "Dear Old Pa : I must go and leave you now,  
 But I'll wait for you beside the river."

Poor Old Jake, then the light of his life went out,  
 And Gyp., he kissed the dead girl's fingers,  
 Through the room came fragrance of mignonette  
 And a sweet smile round the dead mouth lingers :



No shroud encircled that dear dead form,  
But out with her blooms, the blue sky over,  
They made her grave while the air was rich  
With blooming Phlox, and sweet of clover.

Next day some people passing by  
Saw Gyp and Jake, both, in death lying,  
And they laid them side by side with Bloom  
While soft winds through the Pines were sighing.  
Well, I told you a tale that happened to-day,  
Something tender, and kind, and mystic,  
The warp and woof wove in our lives  
Are something strange, but characteristic.

STRAYED FROM HOME.

---

I found her in wild New Hampshire  
Close under Monadnock's crest,  
Strayed from her sunny Genoese home  
To this rugged clime of the West :  
One parent slept near sweet orange groves,  
One claimed a mountain grave,  
While the orphan child was clothed and fed  
By a dear old comrade brave.

Not a word of English could she speak,  
While in her dark, sad eyes  
Was that far off look that a soul might have  
That had strayed from Paradise :  
Want was my comrades' daily guest,  
She hovered there to stay ;  
But the orphan from Italian shores  
Was a sunbeam each long day.

Rags filled the windows where once was glass ;  
Pork and bread was all we ate.  
Not a cow, nor a hen on that lonely farm,  
All, all had gone for debt :  
Yet that dear old soul with the snow-clad head  
Followed close Old Glory's lead,  
Four long, long years—though of English birth—  
Strayed from home was he indeed.

Days merged into months ere I came again,  
Then a strange sight met my eyes,  
For the tropic bud chilled by wintry blasts  
Was ripening for the skies :  
Her sire fell pierced by Austrian balls,  
Following where Garibaldi led,  
Now from angel land came two kind souls  
With a garland for her head.

Once more my footsteps turned that way  
But the Sergeant grave and sere,  
Had called the roll for my comrade's soul  
And he promptly answered "Here."  
But I thought with pride of his earthly life,—  
How he toiled from sun to sun,  
In that lonely home for an orphan child,—  
And a voice said, "Nobly done!"

CARLO.  

---

Our dog went away one Summer's eve,  
    Away like the mist on the river's tide,  
No soul, you say, he was only a dog,  
    And it mattered but little where he died:  
Perhaps to you 'twas of simple note  
    But in Summer's heat, or in Winter's snow,  
Dear Carlo stood here to lovingly greet  
    My home return, with eyes aglow.

In the years that passed if Fortune smiled  
    On our hands, or the dame with harsher name  
Was our guest—grim want—he never failed  
    To love and welcome us just the same:  
Dear old friend, there's a lesson your life can teach  
    Us mortals, e'en here as we onward jog,  
And it might be well to record the fact  
    That we learned Fidelity from a poor dog.

So I sit and muse on this Autumn night  
    And wonder where in the world of space  
Our dog finds a rest for his weary feet,  
    If the sunshine has left his expressive face:  
Do hands still pat his broad, shaggy back  
    And speak kind words to his listening ear?  
In my lonely hours I oftentimes pause  
    For it seems I can feel his presence near.

Only a dog, but this was his home  
Through night and day, through heat and cold,  
And the bud of Love that grew with his years  
Was more value to me than yellow gold,  
And I think he waits, just over the stream  
Till our feet cross on to the other shore,  
And one of our greetings, it seems to me,  
Will be his glad bark to welcome us o'er.

DRIFTED.  

---

I stood one fair day on the shore of the sea  
Near the mouth of a beautiful river,  
And watched the bubbles go floating along  
Like arrows from Life's golden quiver:  
The rays of the sun cast a bright silver sheen  
Far over the clear, sparkling water,  
While anon there came borne on the soft summer air  
The sounds of sweet music and laughter.

I sat there and mused on this mild, dewy eve,  
In the setting sun's rosy, clear embers,  
When a white, ghastly face came floating along  
And woke me from my mazy slumbers:  
I grasped the limp form, and drew it ashore,  
Laid it soft on a bed of wet cresses,  
Chaffed her long, slender hands, wrapped her up in  
my coat,  
And wrung out her long golden tresses.

Then I drew off the gloves she wore when she died  
And removed from one of her fingers  
A circle of gold with Forget me Not stamped,  
While a faint trace of perfume yet lingers  
In her garments all wet, in the soft veil of blue,  
And I asked who can tell her sad story,  
For those wonderful eyes were some mother's pride,  
That long golden hair some father's glory.

But soon strangers came and bore her away ;  
While many an hour at sweet dusk of even,  
I wandered along that bright river's bank,  
And dreamed of those beautiful eyes in Heaven :  
For I feel she was wronged on the great stage of Life,  
So when the scenes in the drama shifted,  
She chose to assume a far different part,  
And so they speak of her as one Drifted.

THANKSGIVING DAY.  

---

Thanksgiving 's here, crisp, cold, and clear,  
While through New England lands,  
Come the children all, both large and small,  
To their homes in gleeful bands:  
Some may scoff and scold at the custom old,  
And affirm it dead and sere,  
But it seems to me that a day of glee  
Should be held for the dying year.

When the New Year dawns you greet her kind,  
Each decked in raiment fine,  
Make a gala day, in a jovial way,  
And ask your friends to dine:  
It is well and meet new friends to greet,  
But gray heads in our childhood homes  
Have a welcome smile for each darling child,  
On the day Thanksgiving comes.

Our young go forth, through lands of earth,  
Each eager to win Life's prize,  
Some sail the seas, with a pleasant breeze,  
Some wander 'neath foreign skies:  
Some seek for gold, in the mountains cold,  
Some follow the herdsman's way,  
Some till the ground, but all gather round  
The old home Thanksgiving Day.



The old, old home, wherever we roam,  
Hath a chain locked round each heart,  
Of our parents' love, in long years wove,  
That distance can never part :  
So we'll keep the day, in our old time way,  
Though the custom be sere, and gray,  
And we each and all, in our natal hall,  
Will gather Thanksgiving Day.

FOUR SCORE AND TEN.

---

Cull sweetest flowers to weave a sunny wreath  
For one whose head beneath its silver crown  
Hath garnered Knowledge through these long, long  
years

And soon, perchance, will lay Life's burden down :  
What can I say ? My feet have hardly reached  
The line that marks high noon on your Life's plain,  
Mine have faint glory by the side of ripened sheaves  
Culled by your hands, and rich with golden grain.

Let us turn backward ; ninety-one long years  
Have clustered close about your weary feet ;  
Where are the souls who shared your childhood hours ;  
Will they across Death's stream you pleasant greet ?  
Upon Progression's mount I see you stand,  
And as your dim eyes scan these ripened years,  
You see the seeds your hands sowed long ago  
Have blossomed, bringing smiles in place of tears.

What changes in the tides of Life that ebb and flow,  
Bearing barks rich freighted on to stronger seas,  
Some wrecked on the lone reef of black Despair,  
Some steered by Truth, urged by a pleasant breeze,  
Reached Hope's fair haven, furled their wide spread  
sails,  
Clasped hands of those they thought long lost, I  
ween,  
You, like a beacon-light on some wild, rocky coast,  
Have noted changes that few earthly eyes have seen.

Now, as your long-sought Port dawns on your dim,  
old eyes,

And angel hands point to a sunnier shore,  
We deem it pleasant task to cheer you with our love,  
To wish your bark beyond the breakers' roar:  
Those that you guided in their youthful days,  
Dear children, you will meet upon that strand,  
All waiting, patient, each dear, loving soul  
To give you greeting whensoever you land.

Good night ; methinks a life as sweet as yours  
Will fill a niche in some bright alcove there,  
A star whose beams stream across the shadows grim  
To light sad souls on where the way is clear:  
Lives are like stars ; far in the blackest night  
Of dark Despair, some soul, in anguish thrown,  
Will rise from its deep sorrow, filled with joy to bless  
You for your guidance that has won their crown.

NEW KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

---

Kathleen Mavourneen, the bright gate stands open  
That we deemed closed for aye, when your feet  
crossed the sea,  
While the light in your eyes, rich with Love's death-  
less token,  
Cheers my sad, waiting heart, waiting long, dear, for  
thee :  
You did not forget me, you loved one that lingered,  
Like the last rose of summer, sad, waiting, my own ;  
When the light of this life drifted out with thy frag-  
rance  
And left but the stalk, standing withered, alone.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the dark dream is fleeting,  
In its stead stands a picture surpassingly fair,  
No song of the grave, not a bright harp-string broken,  
But glad notes of music, floating out on the air :  
Like the song of the lark, thrilling sweet in the morn-  
ing,  
Like the fragrance of flowers, floating soft o'er the  
plain,  
Like a dream of the past comes sweet Kathleen Mav-  
ourneen  
To her own loving Dermot returning again.

## THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

---

I stand on the threshold of two busy worlds,  
While the door swings light to and fro,  
Where souls from Earth's dreamland, and those you  
call dead,  
With still silent tread come and go :  
And their lives, like a glass transparent and clear,  
I can see with my weird spirit eyes,  
While many a life's tale is shown unto me,  
As they journey back from the skies.

'Twas a cold winter's night, the rain and the snow  
Swept down through the long, dreary street,  
When a child thinly clad, with face wan and pale,  
Came toiling with slow, weary feet :  
In her sorrowful eyes, in her deep sunken cheek,  
In her thin hands so cold, and so blue,  
You could read her sad tale, a waif on Life's sea—  
No home, not a friend that she knew.

She paused at the front of a bright lighted store  
And asked for a morsel to eat,  
But the cold hearted tradesman bade her begone  
Ere the officer came on his beat :  
Worn, hungry, and sad, she faced the cold storm,  
When close by a lonely stone wall,  
She spied a red rosebud some careless hand dropped  
As they hurried away to a Ball.

She gathered the treasure so priceless to her  
And then, faint and numb with the cold,  
Crept into a stable, and fell fast asleep,  
Like a lamb in the kind shepherd's wold :  
She dreamed of a land where no orphans are known,  
Where angels, and birds, and the flowers  
Made a long summer day, no cold ever comes,  
None are hungry in those sunny bowers.

She reached out her hand : "May a lone orphan child,  
So hungry, so sad, and so poor,  
Come into your home, and warm her cold feet,  
Please mayn't I just open the door?"  
The door was opened, and in the gray dawn  
This sight met the old hostler's eyes :  
The child and the bud had bloomed that cold night  
In the garden of Paradise.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

---

Though the clouds around you lower  
At your merry Christmas hour,  
And the bosom of Dame Nature  
    Has been drenched by needed rain,  
Up above the stars are keeping  
Silent watch, while you are sleeping,  
And the golden constellations  
    Speeding with their shining train.

So we, souls from angel bowers,  
Counting up the golden hours  
Since our feet have trod the pathways  
    Leading to the angel land,  
Leave our homes, our duties, pleasures,  
Bringing you our choicest treasures,  
Bringing flowers, songs, and blessings,  
    From our joyous spirit band.

Can you hear the anthems swelling  
From the angel hearts upwelling,  
Can you feel the love we bring you  
    From the friends you loved so dear?  
Like the breath of flowers stealing  
Through the senses of your being  
Is our stream of friendship flowing  
    Like a river bright and clear.

So with kisses, songs, caresses,  
With a love that cheers and blesses,  
Do we greet you dear ones, darlings,  
    On this merry Christmas night ;  
Not a cloud shall dim our gladness,  
Not a note that breathes of sadness,  
Let your hearts be like the angels',  
    Free and happy, clear and bright.



## REALIZED.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

---

So you had a daughter, a sunbeam I ween,  
Who came like the flowers, and sweet presence gave  
To your life, a bright wreath, whose full tinted buds,  
Foretold fragrant blossoms this side the dark grave.

Mine came in a dream, when senses were stilled,  
With a world wrapped in slumber, and each labored  
breath  
And limp, passive form, told Earth's children trod  
The weird paths of Sleep, twin sister of Death.

Yours was substance, mine shadow, at least so the  
minds  
That dwell in our midst with their small knowledge  
speak,  
Yet you reached out your arms, and they clasped but  
the air,  
While my darling from dreamland nestles close to  
my cheek.

You mourned that the bird, fostered 'neath your deep  
love,  
Should flit like a star far away in the skies :  
I curbed the wild throbbings of my hungry heart,  
And lo! on my bosom the sweet blossom lies.

Your bark crossed the ocean ; in that fairer land  
  You have found the stray bud, blossomed brightly  
    I ween,  
You have learned that our vision is hampered while  
  here,  
  And our spirit friends substance, instead of a dream.

## OUR SCHOOLMATES.

MET AT THE CENTENNIAL OF WESTFORD ACADEMY.  

---

We meet here to-day with a clasp of the hand  
Our mates of the long years gone,  
While the deepening lines, and whitening heads,  
Write their tale as the days speed on :  
There is many a gap and many a life  
Hath been launched on an unknown sea.  
Where are those mates? and this message comes  
On the summer air to me.

You met in the past to knowledge gain,  
And each strove to win the prize ;  
Some have gained on earth the crest of the hill,  
Some have crossed to fairer skies :  
Some have found a grave on a foreign shore,  
Some sleep in the deep blue sea,  
While the Old Flag floats o'er many a mound  
Where rest those dear to me.

But the summons came, and from far and near  
We have laid our tasks aside,  
To meet where our youthful days were spent  
Ere we launched on the waters wide

Our untried barks, ere we spread our sails  
To steer for a foreign shore ;  
Let us grateful feel that a pleasant wind  
Hath borne us home once more.

Then let all strive, as true souls can,  
Each willing to do his part ;  
Let us lift on the load deep in the mire  
With a willing hand and heart :  
Then looking back from the sunny skies,  
Where we gain our needed rest,  
We can see how this world was brightened a bit  
When we tried to do our best.

SAVED.  

---

'Twas a cold, bleak night ; through sleet and snow  
Dr. Blake was walking briskly down  
Past a brilliant house, in whose lighted rooms  
Vice held full sway without a frown :  
When a hand was laid on his warm-dressed arm  
And a woman's voice said soft and clear,  
"Won't you help me, sir, get some food to eat?  
It is cold, and I am starving here."

Dr. Blake looked down, a sweet pale face,  
Chestnut hair, and large, dark, mournful eyes ;  
"How came you here? Where is your home?"  
He asked, with look of keen surprise :  
"I am an orphan, sir ; Pa was drowned at sea,  
Mother died last spring ; since then I've done  
Work for the ladies, earned food and clothes  
By toiling hard from sun to sun.

But they put me off, when I sought my pay ;  
Told me times were hard and that I might  
Come in a week, and they all said that,  
Ere I asked your help this winter's night :  
I cannot live without food or fire,  
I sought the Charles, but there seemed to be  
Something that said, Go on the street  
And help would surely come to me."

"What's your name, my child?" "Grace Sears," she  
said;

"Please come with me and get food to eat."

He took her to a restaurant, where

They found a fire, and good warm seat:

Then he had a basket filled with food,

Went home with Grace, and paid her rent,

While she thanked him frank, and seemed to think

He was a friend from Heaven sent.

Dr. Blake went home, lit a cigar,

Sat in a dream, while upward curled

The smoke, where he saw a woman's face,

So sweet, it came from a fairer world:

Then a voice said softly in the air:

"This child you saved from death to-night  
Is your only sister's daughter, Grace."

Then the vision vanished from his sight.

Next morn, when the postman came along,

He brought a packet that for years

Had laid in a far-off, remote port,

To Dr. Blake, from Captain Sears:

Reading, "If I ne'er reach port alive

My child, and wife faithful and true,

I leave in your care." A priceless trust.

He took Grace home. Say, wouldn't you?

PEARLS.  

---

I have no pearls too white to string on Memory's  
chain

For deeds of Love which woman's soul hath done  
For me, in my strange pilgrimage upon this mundane  
sphere.

'Twere well to compensate them ere sets my sun :  
They bask so little 'neath bright Freedom's smile  
That some deft hand must planted wondrous seeds  
In the great mother nature, 'neath each throbbing  
heart,  
Else they could never comprehend our human  
needs.

Small compensation men grant woman for her patient  
toil ;

Turn every page, man, in your narrow life,  
Not one shows pearl so white 'as mother's boundless  
love,

Not one so fair as hers whom you call wife :  
Wronged, spurned by those to whom she gave her all,  
Dying alone, no one but strangers near,  
She with firm lips and eyes will not speak the name  
So dear to her, of him who brought her here.

So please do not deem my heading out of place ;  
I have a work for her that I shall surely do,  
And while in this world or upon a higher plane of  
thought,  
Shall strive to render back her honest due :  
No tongue can number all the deeds of love performed  
Through woman's gentle nature to us rugged  
churls,  
Our mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, God bless  
them all !  
Each is a priceless jewel, all are spotless pearls.



THEY TOUCHED A CHORD.  

---

I stopped one day on the busy street  
To catch the strains of music floating,  
'Twas a boy and girl, and the Cornflower Waltz,  
Their matchless chords I careful noting:  
Slender and small, dark crispy hair,  
Italia traced plain on their faces,  
Friendless, alone, in a stranger land;  
In their mournful eyes grief left her traces.

His viol sank to the lower notes,  
Her harp chords were in perfect keeping,  
And my heart enthralled, as they rose and fell,  
Kept perfect accord, without seeking:  
What mystic spell had these foreign bards  
Cast o'er me, all my senses thrilling?  
What taught them where to lead me on—  
Both mind and soul for that time willing?

Then they caught "Blue Danube," down in C;  
Like wind through some old ruin sweeping  
Came that gem of Strauss on the heavy air,  
While the blood through sluggish veins was leaping:  
There were those there born 'neath Austrian skies,  
And Sweden's sons, their cold blood dancing,  
While a Frenchman, as he strolled along,  
His dark eyes bright with the rhythm were glancing.

Still the twain played on, and listening ears  
Caught the notes as they rose in that great city,  
Teams stopped, and the hawker's voice was still,  
When there came "Sweet Home," Paine's plaintive  
ditty:

Men coarse and women worn with care  
Turned pages back in life swift fleeting,  
Thought of their home and childhood days,  
Of mother's kiss, and father's greeting.

Those two lone orphans far from home  
With magic strains touched memories hidden  
'Neath the rush for gold, in the race for life,  
And they came like scenes long since forbidden:  
Ah, gentle bards, some angel's wand  
Must have chose the strains that youth and maiden  
Gave forth in that city's crowded streets  
To cheer the sad, and weary-laden.

WILL IT PAY?  
-----

Will it pay, think you, to leave your home  
To rush off for that frozen region,  
Leave wife, and children? Have you seen  
The stumbling blocks, their name is legion?  
You were born and brought up in this land,  
Where hearts with Love for you are beating.  
What gold can compensate your loss  
Of children's kiss, or dear wife's greeting?

A wild, bleak land, no birds nor flowers,  
A thousand miles south Summer lingers,  
Watching Gold's blind victims, robed in fur,  
Seeking for dross with cold, numbed fingers:  
Should sickness come, what loving hand  
Will bathe your brow, smooth down your pillow?  
How can hands reach o'er that dreary waste  
Of blinding snow and frozen billow?

Weigh well your blessings; Famine stalks  
Through those lone regions, tall, gigantic,  
And friends deemed true by fireside here  
Starvation may turn wild and frantic:  
Nine long, long months in Ice King's realm;  
For what? Where one strange Fortune blesses  
With her fickle wreath, grim Death claims ten,  
To yield to his cold and damp caresses.

On the lonely lands where Yukon flows  
Will be forms of those we love, cold lying,  
Where no flowers bloom, no grasses wave,  
Only bleak winds through forests sighing:  
Weigh the cost well; a cosy home,  
Wife, children, parents, all forsaken,  
Worth a thousand times that which you seek—  
Yes, all the gold in Klondike taken.

What, leave your home, the dear old home?  
Each tree, and field, and rock, and river,  
Stamps on your soul their sad good-bye—  
Perhaps this parting means forever.  
I would not go. Be your own true self;  
Pay no heed to those who are mirage-forming,  
They will wake too late from the glittering dream,  
Find the gold craze false some sunny morning.

# Song of Patriotism.

---

CUBA, HELLAS.

---

All hail, sweet sisters, as ye each the burdens lift  
That chain souls down in slavery's iron thrall,  
Both sea gems kissed by sunny tropic waves ;  
Both in the struggle that grants Freedom to all :  
One has her past life hid, perhaps Atlantis claims  
That beauteous isle that Spanish minions drench  
With children's blood, with flames of happy homes,  
Hoping their love of Liberty to quench.

The other hath her past traced on yon shining roll,  
While nations stand amazed at marble temples fair,  
And Freedom points her finger, telling sons of war  
What can be wrought by those who breathe her air :  
Hellas, dear Hellas, land of grand cherished art,  
Must Islam's sons the bloody crescent rear  
O'er land where Plato taught, where Sappho sang?  
Crush in the dust those homes and temples dear?

Both had their children 'neath the starry flag,  
The dear Old Flag for which we fought and bled,  
Both breathed the air that Freedom gives her wards ;  
Both caught its thrill while floating overhead :

So it were meet that we should cheer them on  
Who fought for home, for cherished altar fires.  
We point with pride to many storied fields  
Where tyrant's armies were defeated by our sires.

Once more we say, " Press on ! " to hearts that throb ;  
Hoping that Freedom's sun may warm each land,  
Where foreign tyrants now crush 'neath their iron heel  
The souls that form each hopeful patriot band :  
What if fair Hellas seeming quiet rests ?  
Give her sons leaders through whose veins yet flows  
The blood of hero martyrs, those that held in check  
Their foes, gave victory to her banner long ago.

Poor struggling Cuba, must thy children shed  
The last drop in their veins warring for the right?  
Will no power help those seeking Right for Wrong?  
Shall the foul tyrant change their day to night?  
How long ere Right shall triumph, Peace prevail,  
Raise her white banner o'er each land and sea?  
Some day red, white, and black on Freedom's plain  
Shall equal stand, then shall our land be free.

# Songs of Childhood.

---

## HER LITTLE CLOTHES.

---

Whose picture, please? I asked the dame  
In her house, where I chanced to nestle down  
For a Sunday's rest, where mountain peaks  
Like sentries guard that rural town:  
Blue eyes looked out with the Faith and Trust  
That a Teacher noted long ago,  
Soft sunny hair, and a rosebud mouth,  
Chin dimpled, brow as white as snow.

There was a pause, I turned around—  
Tears filled the lady's sweet blue eyes.  
"My darling Faith, sir, four years old,  
Out in the churchyard there she lies."  
Then the lady swept the curtain back,  
"Ten years ago this coming May.  
O, how I miss her; do you think  
Our dead return, please tell me, say?"

Something touched my cheek like a baby's hand  
And a soft voice whispered in my ear,  
"Tell my darling Mamma not to cry,  
For Faith and Papa both are here."

Here in this recess hang her clothes,  
This little dress with the soft white lace  
Was the last she wore, ere passing on ;  
The hat there shaded my darling's face.

Those stockings, too, with stripes of red,  
And the ankle-ties with upturned toes.  
I keep them hanging for her sake ;  
They are all I have, her little clothes :  
Ah ! here's a curl of sunny hair,  
A withered rosebud, dry and sere,  
These must belong to your darling Faith,  
With the little clothes you prize so dear.

Would I keep them? Yes, I surely would,  
They are the magnet wherein lies  
The sweet attraction for your child  
Back here from those blue sunny skies :  
Those little clothes that she used to wear—  
They were her own while here with you,  
Her sweet child fragrance lingers yet,  
A chain that holds her firm and true.

Only the clothes your darling wore,  
Dainty, old, and worn, and sweet ;  
Prized, as only a Mother prizes pearls,  
Keep them till once again you meet :  
Little dress and shade hat hanging there,  
Striped stockings, shoes with upturned toes,  
Yet a treasure naught on earth can buy,—  
A curl, a rosebud, and little clothes.



GYP AND I.  

---

My work all done I brush my hair  
And step out on the lawn,  
To see my Calla all ripe to bloom—  
Why! where has my prized plant gone?  
The pot lies there in a broken mass,  
For which I might blame the wind,  
But the contents must have blown away,  
And left no trace behind.

I search around in dazed surprise,  
On the lawn, o'er fence, 'yond the trees,  
When a sound of mirth to my ears is borne  
On the fragrant summer breeze:  
My fair-haired Pearl, and roguish Gyp  
Seem on some wild mischief bent,  
And between the two, something says to me,  
I shall find where my Calla went.

Yes, Pearl holds the roots in her chubby hands,  
While Gyp has hold of the stalk,  
They are playing horse with my cherished plant  
Out there on the garden walk:  
Why, you naughty girl! I caught her arm,  
When a tear drop dimmed her eye,  
How came Ma's pot all broken there?  
Why, I 'spect 'twas Gyp and I.

Well you and Gyp are a naughty pair,  
And both must go to bed,  
But my darling Pearl plead hard for Gyp.  
"Please let Gyp go," she said :  
"We won't do so any more, Mamma,  
I'se sorry we made you cry,  
But we hadn't no stick so's we'd play horse,  
Did dear old Gyp and I.

I'se no big brother, or sister dear,  
But of Gyp I'se real fond,  
And you know, she saved the Perkins boy,  
When he fell in the deep, cold pond :  
We's going away to another home,  
'Way up in the clear, blue sky ;  
For a real nice angel told me so,  
Den you'll miss dear Gyp and I."

That was long years gone, but the angel came,  
And took my happy pair,  
I laid my Pearl in the cold, dark grave,  
My Pearl with her sunny hair :  
While Gyp she sorrowed, and pined away,  
She sleeps 'neath our garden flowers.  
Who knows but she's joined her little mate  
In sunny angel bowers?

The days speed on, but my aching heart  
Oft turns to the years ago,  
And I often think, on these summer eves,  
I see her white-robed form :

On Memory's wall hangs a picture bright,  
A scene of the days gone by,  
While I live the old days o'er again  
With the dear pets, "Gyp and I,"

THE BIRDS' GREETING.

---

I loitered home in the early morn  
When all the world was sleeping,  
But upon a shade tree's topmost branch  
The birds kept constant peeping :  
I questioned what it was about,  
When day was hardly dawning,  
And thought perhaps in bird-land talk  
They bid me pleasant morning.

Maybe the wee birds restless grew,  
Urged on by pangs of hunger,  
They thought of worms, and bugs, and things,  
Down in the tall grass yonder :  
So they told their parents to get up,  
For roosters all were crowing,  
And out in the field this pleasant morn  
The farmer seed was sowing.

Away in a maple's scarlet top  
A thrush sang pleasant greeting,  
While on the alders, near the pond,  
The blackbirds held a meeting :  
A redbird in his brilliant dress  
Told clear and loudly shouting,  
Of his journey here from the Texas home ;  
How he came to have an outing.

Catbirds debated all the news,  
Larks in the meadow yonder  
Wondered how the crows in business hours  
Could sit, and dream, and ponder:  
A bobolink and sober mate  
Sat on a twig together,  
And asked the robin what the men  
Had told him of the weather.

A golden robin hung his nest  
Up in our elm tree branches,  
And all day long his noisy brood  
Kept crying for their lunches:  
Well, I hope when duty calls you up,  
When this great world is sleeping,  
That birds will give—as they did me—  
You pleasant morning greeting.

## PANSY BLOSSOMS.

---

Before me a dish of Pansies rest,  
 Beside it kneel two chubby girls,  
 Pointing rosy fingers at their hues  
 · While sunny hair hangs down in curls :  
 This Pansy Blossom on the right,  
 Only a six-months since she came  
 From filthy streets to spirit land.  
 That one says hers is the same name.

The picture fades, where are they now?  
 It seems a mirage on the air,  
 I turn my head where dancing eyes  
 Greet me with laughter, 'hind my chair :  
 By the Pansy dish another stands  
 In it roses white, and roses red,  
 Now, children dear, you cannot guess  
 What those two Pansy Blossoms said.

"I wish," said one, "I'se a hummin' bird,  
 Den I'd allus sweet like roses smell,"  
 "And I," said one, "wish I'se a bee ;  
 Den I'd have honey in a cell."  
 "What makes you want to put it there?"  
 Said one, with wonder in her eyes.  
 "'Cause roses here ain't allus sweet,  
 Like dose we have up in de skies."

Just then a Buzzy Bumble came,  
They clapped their hands in joyous glee:  
"I dess," said one, "I'll be a bird,  
And not a great big buzzin' bee":  
Then both sat on the Pansy dish  
And splashed the water with their feet,  
I could not tell, while sitting there,  
They or the roses were most sweet.

A butterfly stopped there to rest.  
Children, if you could see their eyes.  
"I dess," said one, "I'se not a bird,  
I'd rather be a butterflies."  
Then someone came, and off they went  
Home, with their Guardian, Golden Hair,  
Yet both behind left rainbow hues  
Of Pansy Blossoms on the air.

THE LITTLE BROWN BOY.

---

There's a little brown boy comes daily to me,  
And I've many times wondered whose little boy he?  
Round, laughing, black eyes, and curling black hair,  
This boy, and dog Prim, are a pretty cute pair.  
"Say, little brown boy, will you tell me your name?"  
"Well," he said, "Prim and me, I guess, both have the  
same."  
"Where are father, and mother, and where is your  
home?"  
"Well, I guess you'se our folks, if you let us both  
come.

You see there's a lot of us comes here in pairs,  
And we look at the flowers, an' play on the stairs,  
We'se all little folks, in this home, don't you see?  
We'se kind of adopted, so Sunbeam tells me :  
She says you 'dopted her, this is her home,  
An' you'd let us dogs, birds, an' little folks come ;  
So here we all is, though we don't make a noise—  
Barking dogs, singing birds, laughing girls, happy  
boys.

Then you've pictures we look at, little children you see  
'Bout as big as these same ones that come'd here  
with me,  
And the flowers are so sweet that hummin' birds come ;  
'Haps they think they're adopted, an' this is their  
home.



Now I'se got to go play, in the door there is Prim  
Barkin', an' just askin' me ter come an' chase him,  
An' the rest are all laughin', an' runnin' about ;  
I should think you might hear those boys an' girls  
shout."

"Say, little brown boy, will you tell me their names?"  
"Yes, that's Rosebud an' Sparkle, over there playing  
games,

This little one standin' here close side of me  
Is named Peek-a-Boo, just as cute as can be.  
There's Daisy, an' Primrose, an' Starlight, an' Dell,  
This one is named Billy, that one is Blue Bell,  
There's Pansy, an' Rubie, that boy's name I forget,  
An' this sweet blue-eyed baby, why, she is named Pet."

Well, my aches and clouds melt like mist 'fore the  
sun,

As I watch their bright faces, glad with frolic and fun.  
Long months have I battled with sickness and pain,  
But the little brown boy brought the Sunbeams again.  
Little boy, your prescription of sunbeams and songs  
Helped, where medicines failed, to pass sad days along.  
So with Patience as handmaid, when Sorrow crowds  
Joy,

I will ask as an antidote the little brown boy.

FOR SWEET LOVE'S SAKE.  

---

His mother showed her darling's face,  
Brown-eyed and rosy, five years old,  
Only a three-months since Death came  
And left his form there still and cold :  
His play-room door stood open wide ;  
I glanced within : his little chair  
Stood as he left it ; on the wall  
A picture hung, wreathed with tress of hair.

One corner held his painted drum ;  
Beside it ten tin soldiers stood,  
A rocking horse and train of cars,  
With set of ninepins, carved of wood :  
All stood as silent, mute, and still  
As the green grass whose verdure hid  
His grave, while hands that played with them  
Were folded 'neath the coffin's lid.

Tears filled his mother's sweet brown eyes ;  
"All seems so lonely, sad, and drear,  
I left the room just as he played ;  
It almost seems that he is here :  
A mother's soul-love never palls  
Through earthly years, 'neath angel skies,  
On, on I'll search, 'till somewhere there,  
I meet my darling's tender eyes.

What say you? Can my darling come  
If I keep his things, and his little chair?  
Will angels one hour in each day,  
Think you, my one loved treasure spare?"  
Ah, little boy, through realms of soul  
You can feel that mother's sweet love twine  
Round your childish form, as round the porch  
Our sweetest, brightest roses climb.

Fond mother dear, Love forged a chain  
No Death can break, no Time undo;  
And his playthings keep, for sweet Love's sake;  
I would do thus if I were you:  
Our home has a cap with white braid twined,  
Some little shoes with strings untied;  
Thirty-six times have roses bloomed  
Since our boy went on with the outbound tide.

So keep the toys, for sweet Love's sake,  
In the little room where he used to play;  
Perhaps, like a sunbeam through the gloom  
Your darling boy returns each day:  
'Tis a happy thought in sad, sad hours;  
And what care and pains you daily take  
Will pay like cap and shoes that hang  
In our boy's home, for sweet Love's sake.

### OUR GEMS.

---

Across the street are the children,  
 The children in innocent play,  
 And their sunshine lingers about me  
 Throughout the wearisome day :  
 I look and long for their coming,  
 With their shouts of childish glee,  
 While the joyous thrill of their presence  
 Is wafted across to me.

O, children, ye know not the pleasure  
 That your magical influence brings  
 Round our lives when Sorrow's bird hovers  
 O'er our homes and plaintively sings ;  
 The ring of your contagious laughter,  
 The rays from your bright, dancing eyes,  
 Pierce the clouds that have clustered about us,  
 Like a sunbeam from the blue skies.

Their graceful and many-hued garments,  
 Their wavy and soft-flowing hair,  
 Their rosy cheeks, when they snap the whip,—  
 Made so by the Wintry air,—  
 Paint a picture of wonderful beauty,  
 While Old Glory floats fearless and free,  
 A beacon for Earth's oppressed children  
 Over schoolhouse, on land, and on sea.

Then Leap Frog and Tag have an inning,  
Four Old Cats, and a game of Base Ball,  
While the shouting and excited urchins  
Keep a hubbub that catches us all :  
Soon the Frost King his ice will be making ;  
Then children both early and late,  
Will discard their summer-time pleasures,  
Playing Hockey, and learning to skate.

Our patience you oft test severely  
When apples and cherries are red,  
And I think that the birds sing in Summer  
Before you have all left your bed :  
Yet how lonely we'd be were you absent,  
With your mischief and chatter and noise,  
O, this world were a desert without you,  
Laughing girls and frolicsome boys.

ADVERSITY.

---

Oftimes the lessons we learn through pain  
Are stamped deep on our heart,  
And they save our feet from many a thorn  
As the long years roll apart :  
And traced in language that never fades  
On Memory's golden walls,  
Are the scars we have gained in our journey here  
From our bruises, and jams, and falls.

Dame Nell was a dog of the Shepherd breed  
And she had of puppies three,  
There was Jess and Gyp and Carlo, brown,  
As fat as dogs could be ;  
Now Jess and Gyp were sober and staid  
And did Dame Nell's behest,  
But Carlo, it seemed, was a roguish dog,  
Quite different from the rest.

So the other two stayed to watch the house  
While Nell drove home the stock,  
But Carlo, he roamed and skirmished round  
Away from his mother's flock :  
And among the pigs, and turkeys and geese,  
That round in the dooryard strayed,  
He had many an hour of merry sport  
As amongst them all he played.

Now, being a dog, and of tender years  
And, perhaps, with some conceit,  
He saw no choice 'tween geese and hens.  
For they both had yellow feet :  
So he chased the poultry across the yard  
And out behind the well,  
But when he reached the rest that night  
He'd a sorrowful tale to tell.

It seems that a hen with thirteen chicks,  
Was searching round for food,  
And Carlo thought, what a jolly time  
I'll have with that hen's brood :  
So he started as brave as a dog could be,  
With grim mischief in his eyes ;  
But alas for him, the greeting there  
Filled him with keen surprise.

For the hen with her little flock in charge  
Thought a mother's duty there  
Was to guard her chicks, so she drove her bill  
With force through Carlo's hair,  
And through the skin till she reached the flesh ;  
Then Carlo howled and cried,  
With the hen quite busy upon his back ;  
Vanished then conceit and pride.

Well, the tumult brought all the people out ;  
Each shouted loud in glee.  
"What a funny sight," said fair-haired Bess ;  
"Now he'll let that old hen be" :

So he learned that dogs 'neath a mother's care,  
Far away from hen and goose,  
Were doing a better mission far  
Than wandering round dooryards loose.



## Songs of the Farm.

---

FOUND.

---

Well, I've jogged along through the Summer,  
An' the Autumn has come at last,  
An' the green leaves up on the maples  
Are a-changin' ter yaller ones fast :  
An' the blackbirds are headed down South'ard,  
An' the bluebirds whistle shrill,  
An' at night out in the buttonwood tree  
I can hear no whip-poor-will.

An' I walk with a cane bent over,  
An' my hair is silver white,  
An' sometimes I seem ter hear voices  
In the still hours of the night :  
Sometimes there's a glow like the sunset  
Goes dancin' around the room,  
An' the old days come back like a sunbeam  
Ter scatter the clouds an' gloom.

Termorrer's my eightieth birthday,—  
Not a chick left now but Jane,  
For Belle was caught in a blizzard  
An' ne'er got home again :

There's so many gone on toward the sunrise  
That when I sit here an' dream,  
It seems like I'se driftwood, useless,  
Floatin' on the dancin' stream.

Well, I'm goin' ter set in the bedroom,  
An' rest my dim old eyes,  
An' maybe I'll see the faces I loved  
That passed to the sunny skies :  
I wonder is Bill an' Sam farmin'  
Up there somewhere in the blue,  
'Cause they both loved ter work an' hustle,  
An' we allus had plenty ter do.

I wonder do apple trees blossom,  
An' grain grow straight an' tall,  
Will Old Dobbin sing out in the mornin',  
An' frosts come in the Fall?  
Parson Bent said that 'Mandy'll be playin'  
A harp with a thousand strings,  
Bill an' Sam be singin' hosannas,  
An' Belle with a pair of wings.

But maybe the Parson 's got flighty,  
For what would an old man do,  
Ter be huntin' for months around Heaven,  
Where all was strange an' new?  
I want 'Mandy with sunbeams a dancin'  
Like the mornin' in her eyes,  
Bill an' Sam with the Old Flag a flyin',  
Belle with no blizzards in her skies.

So I'm lookin', an' lookin', an' lookin',  
Up there where sunbeams shine;  
It seems though the children stood there  
With their dear eyes meetin' mine:  
An' there's 'Mandy beck'nin' me onward  
An' a holdin' out her hand.  
"Good-Bye, Jane, I'm goin' ter leave you";  
And he joined the angel band.

WAITIN' FOR THE CALL.

---

I'm settin' alone by the winder,  
  Lookin' out toward the Western sky,  
An' a listenin', an' listenin', an' listenin',  
  As the days go slowly by :  
Seems like I can hear the voices  
  Of the Boys an' 'Mandy, near ;  
An' perhaps as my hair grows whiter  
  That my hearin' is growin' clear.

'Mandy went ter join the angels,  
  Leavin' me ter foller on,  
An' my thoughts turn toward the sunrise  
  'Fore the children all were born :  
An' I think of the golden sunshine  
  That glistened on 'Mandy's hair,  
An' the light in her clear eyes dancin',—  
  How it stayed, an' lingered there,—

How we sat under apple tree blossoms,  
  Walked 'neath willers gold an' sweet,  
How, by the spring in Day's pasture  
  We evenings used ter meet :  
How we went ter gather the chestnuts  
  An' chink-plums in the glen,  
In the days when I courted 'Mandy,—  
  Will I find her ever agen?

An' how old Parson Armstrong  
 Told us, standin' in the pew,  
 Ter be good, an' kind, an' lovin',  
 An' that he had jined us two  
 To walk through the valley of shadders  
 An' over the hills of light,  
 But it rested mostly on us both  
 For ter make it dark or bright.

How we bought the old Dodge homestead,  
 Where the Morse Brook runs so still;  
 How 'Mandy's cheeks glowed like roses  
 When I tossed our first born, Bill:  
 How Belle came, an' then boy Sammy,  
 An' Jane, with my 'Mandy's eyes,—  
 I wonder if they are a-lookin' down  
 For me, from the far-off skies.

How we toiled on, glad an' happy,  
 An' the children grew like weeds;  
 How the Thrasher sang when I planted,  
 An' the blackbirds in the reeds:  
 How War come, an' both 'listed,  
 How one mornin' a message came,  
 Sayin' Bill an' Sam died in battle,  
 An' both whispered Mother's name.

How Belle went, an' then Jane left us;  
 But she came ter the farm again,  
 An' we toiled an' worked on together  
 In the sunshine an' the rain:

How Old Dobbin lies under the Maples  
An' Bess 'neath the garden flowers ;  
If it war'nt for Jane I'd be lonesome  
These long, still evenin' hours.

But I'm jogging along towards the sunset ;  
Maybe 'Mandy's waitin' there,  
For the Joe she loved in her girlhood,  
With the sunbeams in her hair :  
So I'll listen, an' listen, an' listen,  
And maybe when dry leaves fall,  
My 'Mandy'll be lookin' for Joseph,  
An' I'll hear her clear voice call.

BACK AGAIN.

---

Well, 'Mandy, we live in the city,  
But I miss old Dobbin's call,  
An' the quail's clear mornin' whistle  
Out on the pasture wall :  
An' the crows an' cat-birds callin'  
In the woods up on the hill,  
An' out in the yard on the buttonwood tree,  
The song of the whip-poor-will.

Then the air we breathe here, 'Mandy,  
Isn't like our country air,  
For the kerosene oil, an' hard coal gas  
Make it sickenin' everywhere :  
Just think of the grapes in blossom,  
An' the willers gold an' sweet,  
An' the Spring in the Maples, where the moss  
Makes a carpet for our feet.

Not a Rooster to crow in the mornin',  
Not a Bidy ter lay an egg,  
An' wanting some good, fresh butter,  
We have got ter go an' beg :  
No cows awaitin' the milkin',  
Not a pig squeals in the pen ;  
I'm sick of this life here, 'Mandy ;  
Let's go back ter the farm agen.

There's kind old hearts a-beatin',  
An' I'll just bet you a peck of wheat  
That the Greens and Kimballs see to it  
That we have enough to eat :  
An' I'll just buy back Old Dobbin,  
Four cows, an' a Shepherd Dog,  
An' we'll drift right back to the old place, wife,  
Just like fallin' off a log.

Well, here we are home, 'Mandy,  
An' my heart begins ter hump,  
So I'm goin' out in the pasture  
Ter holler, an' laugh, an' jump :  
'Pears like the lark is singin', wife,  
Glad ter see us back again,  
An' the frogs out in Smith's Pond Hole  
Are apeekin' with might an' main.

An' here comes Deacon Bartlett,—  
Glad ter see yer ; wife well, too?  
Got a letter from our Jane, wife,  
What yer think she wants ter do?  
Bank all busted, Jane's clerk loafin',  
Wants ter know if we've got room  
For our Jane, an' her bank feller ;  
'Course I'll write for her ter come.

Times is gettin' better, 'Mandy,  
Old home, Dobbin, Jane, an' you,  
Thrasher singin' in the Maples,  
Swallers in the barn there, too,



Crows are cawin' 'yond the cornfield,  
Cat-birds scoldin' in the brush,  
Must get out and cut that clover,  
Hayin's coming with a rush.

Jane's got home as smart as ever ;  
Feller's name is Willis Brown,  
Father is a first class farmer  
Up in a New Hampshire town :  
He an' Jane just want ter stay here,  
Take right hold, help do the work ;  
Times is better, 'Mandy, better—  
Jane was never any shirk.

Well, 'Mandy, I'm gettin' younger ;  
Jane's bank feller's like our Bill,  
He just duffs into the hayin',  
Keeps his end up with a will :  
We're old, but I tell you, 'Mandy,  
It's a pretty good thing ter know  
That Jane an' her feller'll keep the farm  
When we old folks have ter go.

GOOD-BYE.  

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Throw open the winder, 'Mandy,  
An' let in the mornin' air,  
The song of the lark in the medder  
With the sweet of clover there :  
Let us hear the Thrasher singin'  
An' the Blackbird's whistlin' song,  
An' hum of bees, in the apple trees,  
Gettin' honey all day long.

We're gettin' along toward the sunset.  
How long is it, 'Mandy, say,  
Since the children went an' left us?  
Your hair, then, wasn't gray ;  
Seems but a year at the longest  
Since our youngest daughter, Jane,  
Was a-helpin' me in the hayfield,  
Drove the cows home through the lane.

An' she helped you with the butter,  
Made the old home ring with joy,  
I've always thought it a miracle, wife,  
That our Jane war'nt a boy :  
Tall, an' supple, an' handsome,  
Never afraid ter hustle, an' work,  
But she's gone away from the old home now  
Ter marry a slick bank clerk.

Both boys died out in battle,  
Bill with Buford when he fell,  
An' Sam with Cushing's Battery  
When it checked the rebel yell,  
Near some place they call High Water Mark,  
Where all old soldiers say  
The Rebs were licked out fair an' square  
An' Lee lost day by day.

Well, how Time flies ; come Autumn,  
'Tis ten years since our Belle  
Went off ter Minnesota, wife,  
On a prairie farm ter dwell ;  
An' you, an' me, an' old Dobbin,  
With the watch dog, Speckled Bess,  
Will all fall down like autumn leaves  
In a few days, more or less.

So open the winder, 'Mandy,  
For we hain't got long ter stay,  
An' we want ter get the sunshine  
An' smell the new mown hay ;  
See the grain wave tall an' yaller,  
Watch the clouds sail in the sky,  
Have our fill where we lived these fifty years  
'Fore we bid the farm Good-bye.

## WHISTLIN' DICK.

Dead! that whistlin' Dick that carried the Mail?  
 Why, I don't see, boy, why he should die;  
 Hardy an' cheerful was that 'ere lad,  
 An' allus whistlin' when he passed by;  
 I reckoned he'd folks quite well ter do,  
 For, you see, he looked so trim an' neat,  
 That I thought he carried ter earn some dimes  
 Just ter take in the sights down on the street.

An' yer say he'd a mother, an' sickly Ben.  
 Who's Ben? Why, Ben has fits, you see,  
 Afore Ben was born mother was put out  
 In the storm when father was on a spree,  
 An' that with the fright an' wōrry brought on  
 Something they called by a medical name  
 That I can't remember. When Ben was born  
 Why he took it on, sir, just the same.

Well, I do declare, an' I, old Farmer Gray,  
 Might 'a' gin that newsboy something warm,  
 When he brought my paper clean out here  
 On cold stormy mornin's to the farm;  
 An' who knows but he whistled 'cause he's so cold  
 An' hungry, an' with all the rest beside;  
 That whistlin' Dick, a fine, likely lad  
 I might 'a' helped, has up an' died.

Farmer Gray walked off with head bent down ;  
I reckon I'm owin' a bill, said he,  
To that 'ere Dick for the months he's brought  
The Mornin' News way out here ter me ;  
He was allus that bright an' sunny-like  
That I liked the boy, an' now he's dead,  
It all comes back ter me, every smile  
An' cheerful word that 'ere Dick said.

An' I reckon God's got a mortgage here  
That old Reuben Gray had better lift,  
For that boy said Dick got an awful cold  
While a-gettin' here through a big snow-drift ;  
His clothes got wet, an' clammy like,  
An' he had pneumony that took him quick,  
So I'll hunt up his mother, an' sickly Ben,  
An' settle with God, an' whistlin' Dick.

He harnessed Dobbin and started out,  
Found Dick's wards, gave them a home and bread,  
Cared for their needs through long, long months,  
Till the angel called and both were dead ;  
Then he bought a lot and three marble slabs,  
On them was "Mother," "Ben," and "Dick."  
Then said Farmer Gray : I've paid the boy  
An' lifted God's mortgage clean an' slick.

## THE OLD HOME.

Sick, I've sat each day for long, long months,  
But my thoughts went outward light and free,  
To my boyhood's home on the dear old farm.  
Like a sweet dream come those scenes to me:  
Fletcher's Spring and brook through sun and shade,  
Till it outward swelled into Davis Pond,  
Where the red-winged blackbird hatched his brood,  
In wild Jockey Lot, full a mile beyond.

Near that spring I drove the cows to feed,  
Then across the field we cautious stole,  
Carlo dog and I, where the traps were set  
On the hillside steep in a woodchuck's hole;  
How we went to Town for the daily mail  
And to Sargent's mill with bags of corn,  
How I fished for pouts dark Beaver Brook,  
To Lowell rode ere break of dawn.

How Captain Smith took us noisy boys  
To bathe each week in famed Forge Pond,  
How Brother Willie's boat upset  
And he passed away near that Point beyond;  
Of the butterflies, and red brick school,  
And Fitchburg depot, where I went  
To get Uncle Sam's folks when they came  
From their Charlestown home, on pleasure bent.

How I rode each spring to Acton mills  
For load of plaster ; now there stands  
The Concord Prison ; railways run  
On what was then but pine plain lands ;  
I climbed to crest of Nashoba Hill  
And with boyish zest great pleasure took  
In the Indian legend ; how that hill  
With earthquake thrill rumbled and shook.

The dear old home ! there it stands to-day  
And massive barn as in days of yore ;  
The Hand of Time turned a hundred years  
Since yon elm tree its first leaves bore ;  
Lives have budded, blossomed, gone to seed,  
Yet hills are there, brooks flow the same.  
O'er the Indian graves now the railways run,  
Naught of them left but the Indian name.

Sires, grandsires, schoolmates, all have gone,  
They sleep in the graveyard on the Plain,  
And stranger faces greet mine eyes  
When I pass o'er the old roads once again.  
Yet I stand on Prospect Hill once more  
And let my gaze sweep hill and lea ;  
Seven Hildreth races here have dwelt ;  
Rock, tree, and hill are dear to me.

# Songs of Patriotism.

## FOLLOWING THE FLAG.

What's that I hear this May morning,  
That sound floating so far away?  
Have my comrades lost their reckoning, think,  
And call this Memorial Day?  
The fifes play ; on they come marching,  
While the drumsticks merrily beat,  
And it seems I can hear men tramping on  
Along through the crowded street.

Why, each one has his gun and knapsack,  
While I note sad mothers' tears,  
Can it be that a hand turned Life's pages back  
For some thirty-seven years?  
No, for there are my white-haired comrades,  
While here is each veteran's son,  
And along the street 'neath the same flag's folds  
Where we marched in sixty-one.

Right above your serried columns  
I can see Old Glory fly,  
And the nation hopes that her patriot boys  
Will keep it in the sky ;



It cheered us when the way seemed dark,  
Its hues changed the gray of death,  
Men died 'neath its folds on the battlefield,  
And cheered with their latest breath.

We fought that yon flag should cover all,  
No star stray from that blue,  
And we gave in trust the prize we won,  
Freedom's heritage to you.  
Now a patriot band like our sires of yore  
Battled years for Freedom's crown,  
While no force that bloody Spain sent there  
Could crush those freemen down.

So a cheer for the souls on Cuban soil  
And a tear for the souls that sped,  
Mothers and their babes, starved by Spain's decree,  
Sires tortured till they were dead.  
Tell your babes you followed where that flag led,  
O'er hill, and stream, and sea,  
Tell your Boys and Girls that it sheltered all;  
That Flag made mankind free.

SALUTE THAT FLAG.  

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Do you see that glorious banner,  
As in beauty there it flies,  
Over school and spire and vessel,  
Freedom's beacon in the skies?  
Can you read the record written,  
Written in your nation's blood,  
On the folds of dear Old Glory?  
Is that language understood?

If it is, then stand uncovered  
Wheresoe'er that banner waves ;  
Right beneath it stand three millions  
Who were once this country's slaves.  
Every star upon that azure  
Means that we have oped the door  
To God's wronged and oppressed children,  
Fleeing from a tyrant's shore.

So I say, Salute that Flag, boys,  
Have these wanderers understand  
Their first duty to our country  
Is allegiance to this land ;  
Up o'er every dome and tree-top,  
Over all your comrades' graves,  
Point them to that starry banner,  
Where it high above all waves.

Greet that Flag, girls, teach your brothers  
That where'er that banner flew  
Freedom with her white-robed angels  
Pierced dark Error through and through.  
Every star upon that banner  
Casts its rays far in the van,  
Unbars college doors, and bids you  
Stand beside your brother man.

Greet that Flag, you men and women,  
When you see it floating proud,  
High above the marching columns ;  
Teach a lesson to that crowd ;  
They have fled from hut and hovel  
Far across the deep blue sea,  
Tell them what yon starry banner  
Represents to you and me.

Salute that Flag, you boastful tyrants,  
You who murder mothers, babes,  
Make of God's fair ocean gardens  
But a land of nameless graves ;  
Right above your crumbling empires  
Stands God's angel hid from view,  
Tracing on his fadeless record,  
Giving each his rightful due.

So I say, Salute that Flag, all,  
Men and women, boys and girls,  
And these souls who seek its shelter  
From those lands where tyrant churls

Stole the labor of your manhood,  
Made your children aimless drones,  
Used you as their beasts of burden  
To prop up their tottering thrones.

Touch your hats whene'er you meet it,  
On the land, or on the sea,  
Teach your children while yet infants  
That those colors made them free.  
Cheer till you are hoarse with cheering,  
Never let your spirits lag,  
Wheresoe'er your footsteps wander,  
See that you Salute that Flag.

